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WASHINGTON WIRE

GOVERNOR DEWEY is going to try to snoot Truman's candidacy. Why should he stoop to argue about a sure thing? Harding took that line to Cox, Coolidge to Davis, Hoover to Al Smith. There was a GOP landslide each time. Just maintain a detached tone of dignified condescension, say Dewey advisers, and let the rival wings of the Democratic Party do the work for you.

On paper it looks like a Republican cinch. There will be losses of Democratic electoral votes in the Solid South. Wallace's Progressives probably hold a balance of power in some big industrial states such as New York, California and Michigan. Almost certainly that will throw those states to the Republicans. Why should Governor Dewey soil his hands in the sordid fray?

This seems to be the strategy behind the statement of Herbert Brownell, Dewey's campaign manager, referring to the "rump" session, and saying the Republicans will not be bound by their own platform pledges during it. Lofty detachment is the motto. Truman is just "playing politics" in calling Congress back. Let us raise our aristocratic noses and look the other way.

We have an idea, somehow, that Truman is a hard man to snoot. We are settling back to watch the election with considerable interest. There is a lot of drama in Truman's going before Congress. What friends has he there? The Republicans who sit silent as the little man speaks are outright opponents. The Democrats who applaud vociferously now are the ones who overrode his veto on taxes, the Taft-Hartley Act, social security. It is a topsy-turvy situation. Truman is the candidate on a Democratic platform that makes it practically a labor party, but the majority of the members of his party in Congress are conservative.

Another difficulty for the "snoot-Truman" movement is the high cost of living. Prices are at an all-time high. The aloof Dewey camp must have uneasy moments. Can it really depend on the voters to understand that the price of pork chops is all due to the New Deal bungling in Washington which two years' Republican control of Congress has not yet been able to extirpate? It still looks as though the pork-chop issue will be a big one in this election.

Actually, we believe inflation has reached a point where any real attempt to check it in Washington will bring a recession damaging to either party. That's why we can't see any major action being taken till after election, if then. Both parties share the blame for the situation. But Truman has rather faithfully followed his Council of Economic Advisers once he understood what they were trying to tell him. On their advice he stubbornly and heroically resisted lowering taxes. And he has advocated partial reimposition of excess-profits taxes, after originally making the awful mistake of permitting their repeal.

The Republicans are bankrupt on the subject except for the proposal to cut government costs. This obviously can't be done while Marshall Plan aid and the cold war continue. And there is one damaging thing on the Republican side. It is all that silly stuff they put out two years ago about sending living costs down by restoring "free competition." They joined the NAM in this nonsense when they killed OPA. Voters are apt to resent those full-page NAM ads, with their glowing promises of cheaper prices, when they are reminded of them. And Truman is the kind of man to bring them up.

At the Progressives' revivalist convention in Philadelphia last week, we watched the right and left wings of Roosevelt's old coalition fly at each

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other's throats. James Loeb, executive secretary of Americans for Democratic Action, in a discouraged seersucker, defied suave, supercilious Rexford Tugwell, whose black silk ribbon twitched angrily from the right side of his pince nez. Dr. Tugwell was chairman of the Platform Committee. The ADA, of course, defends the Marshall Plan; the Progressives denounce it.

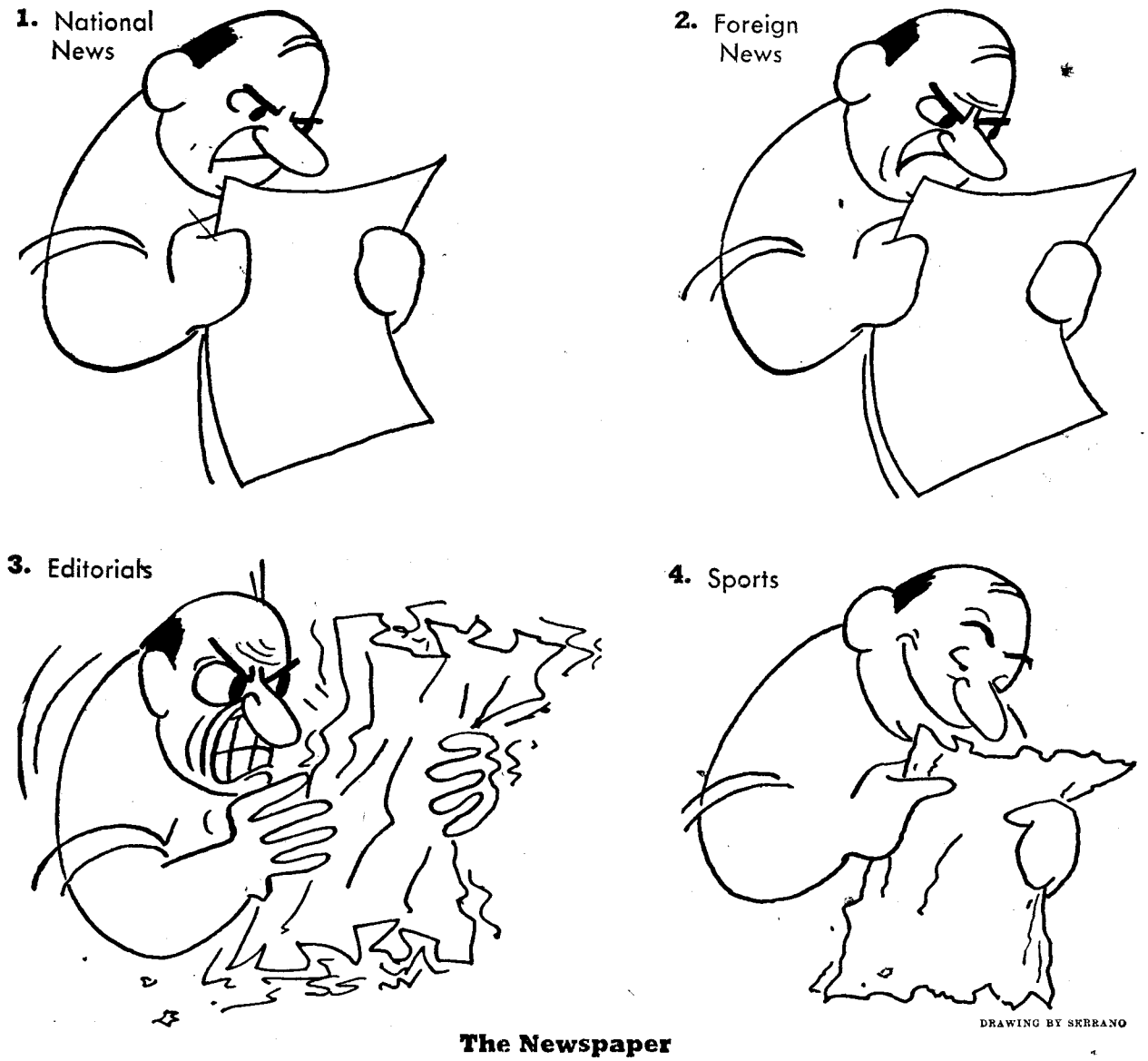
Another sight we shall not soon forget was Wallace striding along from the Broad Street station to his hotel on the morning of his arrival. He came on foot, with 14 big Philadelphia cops in silver shirts, eight-cornered white caps and heavy revolvers jangling in holsters, running interference for him in a sort of football rush. Wallace proceeds at four miles an hour, city traffic or not. Behind him trailed a thousand ardent followers, the banjo-carrying young men and bobbed-haired girls trying somewhat pantingly to sing the Progressives' campaign song, "A Dollar Ain't a Dollar Anymore," while they bucked traffic.

One trouble of Truman's now is simply that he lacks adequate staff. He is engaged in a major row with a conservative Congress and has taken the liberal side, but his old liberal secretariat and cabinet are gone. The inadequate White House staff work was a notable feature of the Truman western trip.

Nobody is to blame for this but Truman himself. It must be acknowledged, however, that there is less glamor in working for the White House now than there was under the magnetic Roosevelt.

For the price issue, Truman has taken Paul A. Porter, former OPA administrator, back into the fold for the next few weeks. It is fine to see him in the fray again, even if it is on an unpaid, volunteer basis. Doubtless Wilson Wyatt would also return, if requested, to deal with housing. He was at the Democratic convention and has remained faithful in spite of very discouraging treatment. John Snyder and the Missouri crowd can't help Truman much now.

Washington T. R. B.



The Newspaper

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VOLUME 119, NUMBER 5, ISSUE 1757, NEW YORK CITY, AUGUST 2, 1948 **New Republic**

THE WEEK

Truman's Special Session

THE WHITE HOUSE says that it learned a lot from the last "special session" of Congress President Truman convened on emergency business. The President's top staff men insist that this time they are ready with carefully laid plans. They are sure their conduct of the fight for inflation control will leave no doubt in the voters' minds that the Administration is the angel, the Republicans, the devils.

Last November's emergency session, called to deal with inflation and foreign aid, broke up with charges from all sides of Adminstration "bungling." Half the cabinet had a hand in drafting the hodgepodge of bills presented and in conducting relations with Capitol Hill.

This time, the generalship, for the inflation issue as well as for the rest of the program, will be in the hands of the White House itself. Clark Clifford, with the help of Charles Murphy, one of the President's "anonymous assistants," directed the preparation of Truman's message to the special session and will continue to boss the day-by-day effort to turn the program into law.

Close lines have been laid between this headquarters group and the Democratic National Committee on one side, and the regular governmental departments on the other. There will be no crossed wires this time if Clifford and the White House can help it.

Inflation and housing are the two issues Truman means business about. Housing boils down very simply to obtaining the 218 signatures to a discharge petition required to force the Taft-Ellender-Wagner housing bill out of the House Rules Committee.

Most of those consulted by the White House on how best to fight inflation favored a moderate approach, stand-by powers to allocate and ration certain selected items, plus the reimposition of excess-profits taxes. One new idea, put forward by Senator O'Mahoney (D, Wyo.) and others, calls for a 30-day cooling-off period, followed by hearings before the Federal Trade Commission, before any price increase would be allowed. One version would add a provision automatically slapping an excess-profits tax on any major producer that raised prices.

It will be the job of Clifford and the White House to keep everybody together behind one plan, to mobilize every ounce of pressure available from any trade union or citizens' organization that will coöperate.

The Republicans have not officially made up their minds what to do about the annoying President Truman. Dewey's manager, Herbert Brownell, has declared that the Republican platform adopted at Philadelphia is something to be put into effect by a Republican President *and* a Republican Congress, not by any such "rump"" session as this. Dewey apparently hopes to remain detached; he prefers to run the risk of what this special session may do without his guiding hand.

Republican congressional leadership, having no such choice, is suddenly eager to reach its decisions democratically. Everybody who is anybody on the majority side has been invited in to draw up the GOP's own "emergency" program. In all probability the Republicans will make some effort to enact at least one piece of civil-rights legislation, agree to the overdue loan to the United Nations, and will consider acting on aid to education and "short-term" housing.

Without active intervention from Dewey or a sudden burst of God-given insight, the Republican Congress cannot be expected to do more. The problem before the President and the Democratic National Committee is how to state the issues so clearly that everyone will understand exactly what the fighting is all about in the special session and force the Republicans to act—or, failing that, to convince the voters that the Democrats did everything humanly possible to move a completely immovable Republican Congress.

The Atom for Tots

BALTIMORE (NR correspondent)

IN LITTLE HAGERSTOWN, a toy manufacturer has obtained what he believes is the first license for commercial use of atomic energy. With the permission of the Atomic Energy Commission, he is busy turning out toy chemical sets equipped with genuine, if low-grade, uranium ore, and apparatus for registering radioactivity on a photographic film.

Already 70,000 sets have been manufactured, most of which will be carefully marketed in this country. "You can't send them to Russia," M. M. Hanson, vice-president of the company, explains.

NEW PHASE IN BERLIN

At least one more major attempt is in the making to solve by diplomatic means, rather than by a military show of force, the major dilemma created by Russia's Berlin blockade.

The State Department is decidedly cool to the idea of another conference of foreign ministers, because of its long and painful experience with Russian tactics at such gatherings. Never-

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theless, preparations have been started at the Department for such a conference.

This is one of the reasons for summoning General Lucius Clay from his post in Berlin for consultations in Washington. It also explains why his political adviser, Ambassador Robert D. Murphy, was ordered to come too.

The General was extremely loath to come, and bridled when, in a message from Washington, the trip was first suggested. A direct order from Secretary of the Army Kenneth C. Royall was finally necessary to fetch him.

Goaded daily by the Russians' provocative conduct, Clay has been tempted to risk direct, drastic action as a means of resolving the Berlin crisis. In this attitude, he has the support of some of the men under him, who would like to send an armored convoy crashing down the road into Berlin. They argue that such a gamble would prove whether the Russians are bluffing or really want war now.

This project, however, does not tempt men of cooler heads, who have been watching developments from this side of the Atlantic. Both Secretary Marshall and Undersecretary Lovett are aware that, while the US is out on a limb in Berlin, the Russians are in the same position. Bearing this in mind, they feel that in seeking a diplomatic formula for solving the crisis, provision must be made for saving face both for the Russians and for ourselves.

DRAWING BY HARRY DIX

There are also issues of substance involved. Some persons in high places in Washington believe that the time may have come to make a thorough reëxamination of the big issues behind the Berlin crisis. Some observers in Washington believe we may be prepared to review our attitude not only on quadripartite control but also on the creation of a western German state and on international control of the Ruhr.

Controversy over Russia's real intentions, however, continues in Washington, and it does not amount to a simple difference of opinion between military men and civilians, the one wanting toughness, the other cautioning against gambles. A month ago, American military intelligence indicated that Russia did not want war with the West at that time. Since then, some US strategists have begun pondering whether such factors as the Tito incident and the start of effective ECA operations in Europe may not have modified the Kremlin's attitude. Perhaps the men in the Politburo have decided that it would be better to start fighting now than to wait until ECA has progressed further.

Nevertheless, the top men in the Pentagon now agree with the State Department that a double approach to the problem should be made. On the one hand, further diplomatic moves should be attempted. But meanwhile, other steps should be taken to carry forward military projects that might turn out to be necessary if diplomacy failed. One such step has been to send a committee representing the Joint Chiefs of Staff to confer at The Hague with representatives from all of the Western Union nations.

Though the members of this committee have the general German situation much in mind, their immediate mission is limited to discussing how standardization of arms can be hastened, and what items are now available in US army surplus stocks for eventual use by our European friends. The talks are not expected to delve much deeper into strategic problems, particularly since the American members are acutely aware of their ticklish situation in regard to Congress, which has jealous concern for its own power to make foreign commitments. In fact, the State Department at first intended to keep the visit of the Joint Chiefs' committee a secret, and announced it only after the news had leaked out in London.

But even progress on standardization and a thorough discussion of the military needs of the Western powers could, Washington hopes, have a useful effect. By refurbishing the Western nations' equipment and by demonstrating at least token concern for their military welfare, the US might bolster their military morale. Actually, Western European military leaders know that, in a final crisis, the US could not send sufficient immediate aid to stem a Russian drive to the Atlantic. Talk of holding at the Rhine is wishful thinking.

Realization of this fact is also a brake on Pentagon strategists, who would rather, if they had free choice, make Berlin the final crisis in Russian-American relations. That is why the Defense Department is willing to go along with State in proposing another foreign ministers' conference.

By timing the meeting before the UN gathers in Paris, another way out, short of war, is still left. If the foreign ministers fail to achieve any kind of agreement, then the Western powers can appeal to the Security Council on the grounds that the world's peace is threatened. As indeed it is.

THE COMMUNIST ARRESTS

For about a year, a special federal grand jury has been working in New York under conditions of great secrecy. Last week, its long labors bore fruit. Twelve leading members of the Communist Party were indicted, under the Smith Act, and charged with conspiring to advocate the violent overthrow of the government. The Smith Act, passed in 1940, was primarily concerned with the registration

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of aliens, but one of its sections prohibits advocating violent revolution. It was used successfully in the prosecution in 1941 of members of the Socialist Workers' Party (a Trotskyite unit) in Minnesota. It has never, however, been tested by the United States Supreme Court.

The American Civil Liberties Union, which protested the Smith Act when it was first passed, as a violation of the First Amendment to the Constitution, has announced its intention of entering the present case, "motivated only by our concern for our civil liberties." Its intervention, says the ACLU, "will be limited solely to an attack on the constitutionality of the Smith Act and an indictment which, on its face, in our judgment violates every principle of the freedom of speech and press."

Whether the announcement of the prosecution of the Communists at just this moment was accidental or deliberate, most political observers agreed that it was likely to benefit Truman and to do some damage to Wallace. Support of the Wallace candidacy by the Communists has been and is to some degree embarrassing. Truman, on the other hand, has been trying to clear himself of the Republican charge that the Democrats are all left-wingers and that the New Deal was indistinguishable from communism, anyhow.

DANGER FROM DIXIECRATS

BIRMINGHAM (NR correspondent)

The Dixiecrats, a medley of plantation-minded Southerners, political "outs" and representatives of some Northern financial interests, are not representative of the South's political leadership. But it would be unwise to dismiss as unimportant the Birmingham "rump" convention that nominated Governor J. Strom Thurmond of South Carolina for the presidency and Governor Fielding Wright of Mississippi as his running mate.

The Dixiecrats are exploiting the explosive race issue. Possibly the small flame lighted at Birmingham might be fanned into a fire that could compel other Southern leaders, as the price

DRAWING BY JOYCE

of their own political salvation, to join forces with the extremists. The role of the anti-TVA power companies and some oil companies will also bear watching.

Statutory requirements as to electors vary by states. Time remains in most of them to rig election laws after the Mississippi manner, where electors are now legally free to cast the state's vote for anyone. More states than Alabama, Mississippi and South Carolina may eventually get involved.

BIGOTRY WINS ONE ROUND

Bigotry won a round in New York City last week. The Board of Superintendents reaffirmed its previous action, and closed the school libraries to the *Nation*. As we have already reported (the *NR*, July 5), the action was taken because of two series of articles discussing the attitude of the Catholic Church toward political, social and scientific questions. The Board of Superintendents, the Board of Education and the Superintendent of Schools say that some passages in these articles deal with Catholic religion as such; the author of the articles, Paul Blanshard, and the editors of the *Nation*, deny it.

Some of the significant facts:

The Board of Superintendents, which twice acted against the *Nation*, twice tried to keep its actions secret.

The Board of Education, which held a hearing, did so only in closed session, gave very little notice of this fact, and refused to permit testimony except after formal application. In other words, it did what it could to limit and cripple testimony supporting the *Nation*.

It refused to permit a *Nation* stenographer to keep a record of what happened.

Newspaper reporters were excluded.

The Board, and the Superintendent, acted on two rules of their own devising: First, that libraries for children must be judged by standards inapplicable to libraries for adults; and second, that school libraries must contain nothing critical of the doctrines of organized religious groups. The second of these policies, as one witness pointed out, would eliminate practically every textbook dealing with the Protestant Reformation.

The effort to keep New York City from plunging back to the Middle Ages is not yet ended. An emergency committee, carrying the names of many distinguished citizens, with political views from all parts of the spectrum, has been organized. About 20 outstanding civic and professional organizations are already in the fight, and their spokesmen testified at the Board of Education hearing. The emergency committee is supporting the *Nation's* demand for a ruling by the New York State Commissioner of Education, and also asking that Mayor O'Dwyer conduct an open hearing.

FORD SETTLES

A 21-hour "continuous session" of bargaining brought the CIO United Automobile Workers a 13-cent hourly wage rise, plus fringe benefits, from the Ford Motor Company. It also virtually completed labor's nine-month drive for "third round" increases in the mass production industries—a drive which was almost universally successful, provoked relatively few strikes, yet left unsettled the problems of workers and managements confronted with soaring prices.

Statistically, workers were somewhat better off. When textile workers last December negotiated 15-cent hourly wage increases, the consumers' price index of the Bureau of Labor Statistics stood at 167 (1939 equals

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100). The latest available figure, for June 15 this year, is 171.7—a percentage of increase in living costs smaller than the eight to ten percent wage increases unions have gained.

Unions successfully overcame resistance to wage hikes which flared momentarily last February, when there was a slight dip in commodity prices. They also smashed a "solid front" attempt by heavy industry, led by the steel and electrical companies, to combat inflation by reducing prices fractionally instead of raising pay. This "solid front" collapsed when General Motors gave the UAW a basic six-cent increase plus three cents for "standard of living" adjustments, plus a further two cents tied to the consumers' price index. The Chrysler Corporation, which had been closed by a strike, promptly surrendered. The electrical companies followed suit.

The steel companies were knocked over by John L. Lewis. When "Big Steel" gave $1-a-day rises to miners employed in captive mines, it could no longer deny a comparable increase to Philip Murray and the United Steelworkers.

The General Motors formula, tying wages for the current two years to the BLS figures and automatically providing a one-cent wage increase for each future rise of 1.14 in the consumers' price index, was not accepted by other companies and unions. Lewis' *United Mine Workers Journal* criticized settlements freezing wages to "artificial" standards, arguing that this precluded improvements in workers' real income. The majority of managements preferred to fix their labor costs in the normal fashion.

A Labor Department official estimates that ten million workers now have gained third-round increases, leaving about five million additional union members—chiefly in the individual trades—to seek increases as their contracts periodically expire.

Ahead are two major potential disputes—in the railroads, where the Independent Brotherhoods are renewing the fight only recently settled after disputes originating in 1947, and in the maritime trades, where strikes are prohibited until September by Taft-Hartley injunctions.

Ahead, also, is the question of whether Congress will revive inflation controls and what kind of wage controls, if any, unions would accept in return for price restrictions. Murray indicates no change since the CIO last winter refused to endorse wage controls suggested by President Truman in asking Congress for "stand-by" powers against inflation.

Sex Splits the NLRB

THE SEX LIFE of a species of muskrat that lives in the Louisiana marshlands has caused a split in the National Labor Relations Board.

In a 100-page opinion, largely devoted to the muskrat's reproductive life, the four members of the board were able to agree that the muskrat is "a most prolific animal, bringing into the world a litter about every six weeks." But three members decided that the muskrat was wild, and one that it was a domestic animal.

The monumental decision was made necessary to prove that men who trap the animals aren't agricultural laborers, but are entitled to bargaining rights under the Taft-Hartley Act.

"NO MILK TODAY"

ST. LOUIS (NR correspondent)

Each of the five Kerckhoff brothers, who run St. Louis' big Pevely Dairy, gets a salary of $41,000 a year. St. Louis Consumer Federation economists charge that the local dairy industry makes twice as great a profit as most other businesses in the city. But milk prices in St. Louis, as throughout the country, are still going up.

Hundreds of bitter, desperate St. Louis housewives are struggling to pull these prices back down; since July 6 they have joined in an effective milk-buyers' strike which was called by the Consumer Federation. Despite dairy managers' denials, the strike hurts. Some milk drivers report half their orders have been canceled. And city health inspectors state that the strike is running stronger than a similar one last January which forced the milk companies to rescind an increase of a cent a quart.

The dairy companies declare, however, that the recent two-cent-a-quart rise may be jumped again if they are forced to grant wage increases to dairy workers, who are now bargaining for a new contract. To push this claim, companies have hired one of St. Louis' ablest and most expensive public-relations counsels.

But smartly tailored publicity has not convinced the consumers, and the strike promises to be a long-drawn-out affair. Its greatest support apparently comes from the low-income groups—85 percent of the cancellations are for plain milk, leaving only 15 percent for butter, cheese and other more expensive by-products.

Yet the striking consumers are not optimistic over the chances for victory. One prominent member of the Consumer Federation admits privately that, with food prices so completely out of control in the rest of the country, it may be impossible for an isolated boycott to change things in St. Louis. "It is a bitter, inflamed, tragic situation," he declares, "and I'm afraid the only thing that can help us is federal price control."

Meanwhile, St. Louis' stubborn mothers "scratch" their milk cards and feed their children cheap fruit juices, ades, or evaporated milk.

CALIFORNIA MAY GET HOUSES

SAN FRANCISCO (NR correspondent)

California now has a real housing measure on the ballot for the November elections. The drive to get it there brought about a singular combination of such diverse elements as the American Legion and the CIO. It has also brought a substantial war chest to fight it, on the part of real-estate interests and others who oppose any state-helped housing projects. Three-quarters of a million dollars has been mentioned in this connection, and does not seem unreasonable in view of the bitterness of the political struggle.

This measure, on which the people most affected by the housing shortage and skyrocketing rents will soon vote,

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would build houses on a non-profit basis through local housing projects or non-profit corporations. It would set up a revolving state fund of $100 million for loans to such non-profit groups. Under its provisions, no rent could be more than $50 a month. All the actual building would be done by private contractors. The bill would also use $25 million a year for subsidies for such housing projects.

The petition drive to get the measure on the ballot wound up with a surplus of 20,000 signatures over the number needed. Monsignor O'Dwyer, head of the Catholic Charities of Los Angeles, is chairman of the California Housing Initiative Committee, which is pushing the measure, and among the backers are the League of Women Voters, AFL unions, CIO unions, Building Trades, AVC, NAACP, and the American Legion Housing Committee. The Legion, in the past, has been the strongest single opponent of anything like public housing. But even the Legion is capable of seeing the light when the situation gets sufficiently desperate—and that stage has been reached in California today, where the increase in population has far outstripped the increase in available homes.

"PROFITEERING" FARMERS

To those who celebrated every drop in food prices as the belated come-uppance of profiteering farmers, a recent issue of *Agricultural Situation*, monthly bulletin of the US Department of Agriculture, addresses an article entitled "Many Farmers Not Prosperous."

It points out that nearly three-fourths of our farms grew products worth less than $3,000 in 1941, latest year for which reliable figures are available. Allowing for currency inflation, there is no reason to believe that the situation is different today. About three million farmers—roughly half of the total—grew products worth less than $1,500, and the cash-crop average was only $408. From this income the farmer had to pay his labor costs and buy non-farm goods.

It is true that many of these low-income farmers have some other sources of income. But allowing for this fact, it is significant that even during the war food boom, only about 15 percent of US farmers had incomes of more than $5,000.

Interesting, too, is the revelation that on June 1, 1946, 10 percent of the farm operators had 70 percent of the bank deposits, while half of them had none.

DEMOCRACY DOWN SOUTH

Democracy has won another battle in Dixie, thanks to Federal District Court Judge J. Waties Waring. To keep Negroes from the polls in the coming Democratic primary elections, South Carolina politicians called on prospective voters to take an oath that they "believe in and will support the social and educational separation of races," that they believe in states' rights and are opposed to the proposed federal FEPC law. But Judge Waring ruled that the oath was discriminatory, called it "a shame and a disgrace," and ordered party registration books opened to Negroes under penalty of law.

Once before, Judge Waring had helped Southern liberals. In 1944, the South Carolina Democrats set up the Democratic Party as a private organization that could do as it chose. The Judge ruled last year that the party was the only means by which South Carolinians could exercise their right of franchise, and hence was subject to federal voting laws. His decision was upheld by the US Circuit and Supreme Courts.

Neo-Fascism in Austria

by Alexander Kendrick

VIENNA

IN ADDITION to "Fidelio," "Orpheus" and "Everyman," foreign visitors to this year's Salzburg Festival are also able to witness neo-fascism in Austria. Salzburg province, heart of the American occupation zone, is the scene of the birth and growth of the Heimkehrerbund (Homecomers' League), which, in the guise of the veterans' and war prisoners' organization its name makes it out to be, has been holding a series of meetings at which a rather remarkable propaganda line has been taken.

This is it: The recent war was an "erroneous" war, because it split the "white races" of the world and caused them to fight each other. The result of the split has been to give the "non-white races" the initiative, and they are now threatening world domination. Therefore the "white races" must unite, forgetting past differences and such trivialities as political creeds, and must crush the "non-white races" in another war. To this task the veterans of Hitler's Austrian and German legions are ready to dedicate themselves, even though they may be just emerging from the PW camps of the last war.

The audiences at these ethnological lectures read "Russia" for "non-white races"—as they are meant to do. At the end of each meeting a seminar is held, instructing the Homecomers and their friends on how to avoid prosecution under the laws banning neo-Fascist organizations.

The Austrian provinces are thick with this kind of talk, and it is noteworthy that the American authorities, who a few months ago seemed sincerely interested in eliminating subversive movements, are staying their hands from the Heimkehrerbund. Denazification in Austria officially ended with the amnesty law of April 21, but now Renazification seems to have set in, and super-Aryanism is blooming like the edelweiss.

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PALESTINE, BRITAIN AND THE UN

by I. F. Stone

THE FIRST CEASE-FIRE in the Israeli war of independence expired on July 9. In ten days of renewed fighting, the Jews held off the Egyptians in the south and the Syrians on the east. On the central and northern fronts, the Israeli forces were in the midst of successful operations against the Iraqi, the British-officered Transjordanian Arab Legion and Fawzi el-Kawubji's "Liberation Army" when a new truce, hastily imposed by the UN Security Council, went into effect on July 18.

In the first attack of the Arab States on May 15, the forces put into the field by the Jews had been loosely organized and poorly armed. The nucleus of Palmach commandos and Haganah infantry was hardy and well-trained but desperately small. Raw recruits had to be thrown into battle with little more than a few instructions in the handling of a rifle.

These hastily improvised levies emerged from the four-week truce with unexpectedly heavy firepower and armor, using heavy tanks for the first time. The troops which struck east from Tel Aviv and Haifa on the night of July 9-10 showed the effect of intensive training. The course of the campaign indicated sharp improvement in staff work.

In a series of swift enveloping actions, the Israeli army took Lydda, Ramle and Ras el-Ein on the central front and Nazareth in the north. At Lydda, Israeli forces took Palestine's largest airport. Ramle's surrender cleared the Arabs from the coastal plain near Tel Aviv, pushed their forces up into the Judean foothills and gave the Jews control of the main Jerusalem road as far east as Latrun. The recapture of Hartuv to the south opened an alternative detour around Latrun.

These victories made available a route which cut the traveling time from Tel Aviv to Jerusalem from three hours to 75 minutes. Latrun itself, which withstood repeated frontal attacks in the first stage of the war, was rendered untenable in the closing hours of the second.

In Jerusalem, the resumed battle turned sharply against the Arab Legion in the Old City and Sheikh Jarrah quarter, the only sections Abdullah's British-led troops had managed to seize and hold. As long as the Legion was shelling the rest of the city with some hope of driving the Jews out, the members of the British bloc at Lake Success were planning to reward Abdullah by making Jerusalem his capital. Now the Belgian Consul General, chairman of the UN Security Council's Truce Commission in the Holy City, cabled frantically that the Jews might soon take it over.

"Unless the Security Council intervenes immediately and with the greatest energy," he warned, "the international character of the city stipulated in decision of Assembly on November 29 last appears to be dangerously threatened."

The UN's sense of urgency seemed to deepen with Arab defeat. "My firm opinion," Count Bernadotte, the UN Mediator, told the Security Council on July 13, "is that the UN should not permit the Palestine problem to be worked out on the field of battle," an opinion with which the British delegation warmly agreed.

On May 29, when the two-week-old Jewish state seemed to be waging a hopeless struggle against Arab armies invading it from all sides, Sir Alexander Cadogan blocked the passage of a US resolution which would have ordered a truce under penalty of sanctions. Then "after frequent consultations with the British delegation" (as the New York *Times* reported) the US delegate brought in a similar resolution, ordering a truce within three days. The machinery of the UN was whirring rapidly at last, when the aggressors were in danger.

In Whitehall the situation may, indeed, have seemed alarming. Despite the American arms blockade and British aid to the Arabs, the assault of seven Arab states, with 30 million people, on the new-born Jewish state, with less than 700,000, had misfired. The Arabs had taken 205 square miles of Jewish territory but most of this was unoccupied desert around Beersheba. Fourteen isolated Jewish settlements on territory allotted to the Arabs by the UN had fallen, but their armies had succeeded in holding only one lone border settlement, Mishmar Ha-Yarden, on Jewish territory.

The Jews, on the other hand, had conquered 810 square miles of territory allotted to the Arabs, including western and central Galilee, the Arab cities of Jaffa, Acre, Ramle, Lydda and Nazareth and most of the road to Jerusalem with its adjacent Arab lands and villages. Some 350,000 Palestinian Arabs had fled eastward and northward from the Israeli armies, in most cases abandoning homes and fields without a fight.

The war was not without its useful by-products for the British. Arab governments weakened by the cost of the invasion and angry reactions at home were in no position to be aggressive in negotiations about such matters as the Sudan or Iraqian air bases. The British in their Arabic broadcasts from Cyprus explained that they supported the truce because they could do more for the Arabs by diplomatic means. The British hoped to achieve through Bernadotte what neither the Mufti's footpads nor the Arab League's armies could do.

The London *New Statesman* summmed up Bernadotte's proposals for a Palestine settlement as "the 1939 White Paper translated into 1948 language with the full approval of the Foreign Office and the State Department." British strategy is to delay until after the American elections, to get the UN Assembly to approve the Bernadotte plan, and then to offer Israel the choice of struggle against the UN or reduction to a truncated statelet under the actual sovereignty of Britain's puppet king, Abdullah.

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FOR A BETTER WORLD RIGHT NOW

by Helen Fuller

ALL FOUR of this year's national party conventions have come out strongly for a better world. The difference is that Wallace Progressives demand the better world right now; the Democrats will settle for getting it soon; the Republicans think they had it twenty years ago; the Dixiecrats want just what they had a full century back.

The new Progressive Party that was founded in Philadelphia July 23, like all minority parties before it in American political history, is rooted in discontent and frustration—discontent with any number of things as they are, frustration over the difficulties of doing anything about them through the regular machinery of the established parties.

The rank and file of the new movement, judging from its representatives in the first convention, know what they are for or against, and are passionately determined to get action fast. Relatively few of them know much about regular politics, but they earnestly believe that Henry Wallace has found the road to peace and plenty and will take us all there if we follow where he leads. The majority feel a growing personal insecurity which they have related—some clearly, some in an extremely vague way—to what Wallace has been saying about discrimination, the high cost of living and the dangers of war. They hate the fears that are raging inside them, and they love Henry Wallace for trying to help dispel them.

These were the Founding Fathers at Philadelphia. The 3,400 delegates and alternates accepted all the injustices of the world as their concern. Alongside of signs denouncing "Jim Crow," on the convention floor, were others demanding "Return Turkish-held Armenia to the Armenians." The 6,500 words of the platform were proof of the variety of their indignation. The original draft, half as long, had to be expanded to giant size to meet the most violent demands of individual groups for inclusion of their pet projects.

In most respects, the Progressive platform moves in the same direction as that of the Democrats. On housing, agriculture, pensions and the like, the Wallace party, uninhibited by any of the problems that face a party in power, simply pledges to go farther faster. It would immediately: establish a five-year plan leading to a $3,000 per year minimum farm income; abolish all forms of racial discrimination; restore price controls and cut prices; begin a 10-year plan to produce 25 million new houses.

But on two scores, the Progressive campaign promises to differ sharply from the Democratic. The Wallace party would change the basis of our foreign policy and begin a long-range program to nationalize our basic industries. On these two points, the platform committee disagreed for a time at least, and, on the first, the convention saw one of its few floor fights. Rexford Tugwell, chairman of the Platform Committee, did not favor the violently critical plank on the Marshall Plan which Lee Pressman, secretary of the Committee, and other members wished to include in the report. Tugwell lost.

At least a sprinkling of delegates felt that the foreign-policy section of the platform as finally presented to the convention gave the impression of being a blanket endorsement of Soviet foreign policy and an almost blanket denunciation of our own. Their amendment to clarify this point by stating that such was not the intention of the convention failed by a substantial margin.

As enacted, the foreign-policy planks of the Progressive platform, among other things, declare the joint responsibility of the US and the USSR for the peace of the world, and pledge the party to negotiate for peace with the Soviet Union on the basis of Wallace's letter of last spring to Stalin and to abolish the Marshall Plan in favor of a United Nations aid plan.

Unquestionably, to the leadership of the new party, these are the sections of the platform that matter most. Hugh De Lacy, former congressman from Washington, spoke for the leading party figures when he declared in the floor debate that "the virtue of our platform is that it stands for friendship with the Soviet Union."

But all signs indicated that the average delegate did not share the preoccupation of many state and national leaders with the Russian question. In order of popular interest, the main is-

HENRY A. WALLACE

DRAWINGS BY NEUWIRTH

SENATOR GLEN H. TAYLOR

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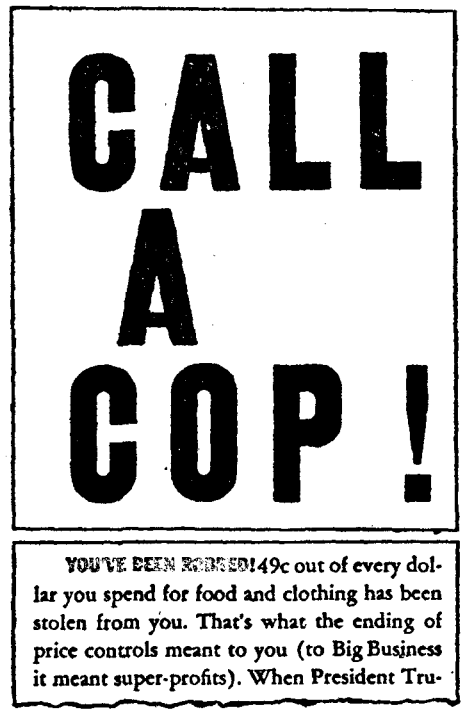
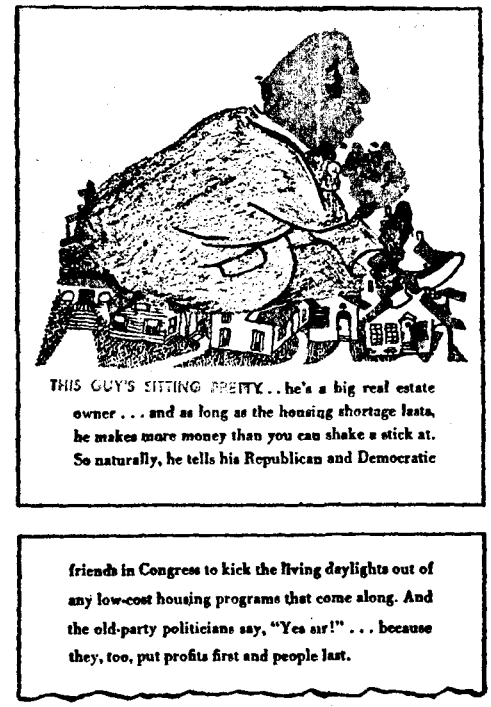
LEAFLETS IN DISTRIBUTION BY THE PROGRESSIVE PARTY


CALL
A
COP!
YOU'VE BEEN ROBBED! 49c out of every dollar you spend for food and clothing has been stolen from you. That's what the ending of price controls meant to you (to Big Business it meant super-profits). When President Tru-


THIS GUY'S SITTING PRETTY.. he's a big real estate owner . . . and as long as the housing shortage lasts, he makes more money than you can shake a stick at. So naturally, he tells his Republican and Democratic
friends in Congress to kick the living daylights out of any low-cost housing programs that come along. And the old-party politicians say, "Yes sir!" . . . because they, too, put profits first and people last.

sues seemed to be: discrimination, labor's rights, the cost of living, and peace. And peace, to most of the delegates, seemed to be a general concept —it involved Russian-American relations, of course, but it also had to do with the draft and building too many battleships. As an issue in this convention, "peace" drew strength from pacifism, isolationism and religion, as well as from pro-Sovietism.

The other sharp divergence from the Democratic platform was intensely popular with the convention. The plank calling for nationalization of "the largest banks, the railroads, the Merchant Marine, the electric power and gas industry, and industries primarily dependent on government purchases" was just the kind of strong talk most of the delegates wanted to hear. A few independent businessmen among those present gulped hard but managed to swallow.

In other respects than in program, the Progressive Party looked different from the parties of Truman and Dewey. The average delegate, assuming there was such a thing, was about twenty years younger and thirty pounds lighter than his Democratic or GOP counterpart. (The publicity office estimated the average age as 30.) The Progressives walked or rode the trolleys instead of padding the taxi drivers' pockets as both Democrats and Republicans had done. The men wore T-shirts and slacks. The women favored dressier outfits than the earlier visitors. They brought their children. And they listened intently to all the speakers instead of talking to one another.

Close to 40 percent of those present were women. About 35 percent were trade-union members, perhaps five percent were farmers, while 20 to 25 percent were professional people—artists, writers, educators, preachers and lawyers. Another four percent represented nationality groups. Approximately 20 percent were veterans. In individual delegations, the composition of the party was easier to see. Of the 325 who came from Illinois, for instance, half were from organized labor (about two-thirds CIO), 100 came from outside the Chicago area. There were 50 Negroes, 65 "youths," a representative of the old-age-assistance union and of almost every large nationality group in Chicago. All the Illinois delegation paid their own way to Philadelphia. About 75 of them hitchhiked.

About 40 percent of the Michigan delegation was composed of organized labor (mostly CIO, 30 percent UAW), including officers from 15 United Auto Workers locals. But here, as in the other state groups and in the National Labor for Wallace Committee, the labor representation was largely rank-and-file, very little high command. Fifteen to 20 percent of the Michigan delegation were Negroes, 20 to 25 percent came from Polish, Ukrainian and other nationality groups. Perhaps 10 percent came from the farms. Almost half were women. The UAW Dodge local raised enough money by a raffle to send seven delegates and held a heated election to determine who was to go.

Half of those who came from California were students, most of them veterans. The union big shots, except for Harry Bridges and Hugh Bryson of the Marine Cooks and Stewards, stayed home and sent other members in their place. But the state delegation was better balanced than many because the California IPP voted to pick the local delegates first, and then figure out how to get the carfare for those who couldn't pay their own way.

Although labor showed up very well numerically in the founding convention, the top party strategists are well aware that their real problem, if the Progressives are to survive as a national organization after November, is to reinforce the present, shaky labor base. This drive accounts for the kind of permanent organization plan the Rules Committee finally presented to the convention.

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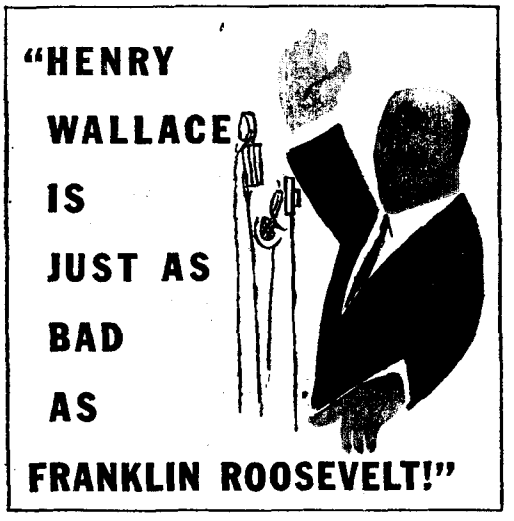

"He's a %$#@& red!" the man says. "Goes around talking peace, peace, peace! Who wants peace? I can't keep both my yachts on ordinary peace-time profits!

"And that's not all! The dirty New Dealer wants low-cost houses! Why, I've already got a house! In fact, I've got lots of houses, and if that radical Wallace had his

THE BRASS HATS AND THE SILK HATS are running the show in Washington. It's strictly a benefit performance—for *their* benefit, not yours. They're whooping it up for a brand-new war (and counting the profits and promotions in advance). They've got both *old* parties sewed up tight.

Vito Marcantonio (N. Y.) and Hugh Bryson (Calif.), chairman and secretary of the Committee, first proposed a national committee set-up which would apportion representation to the various state organizations on the basis of their power in the electoral college. In addition to a basic quota of one committeeman and one committeewoman, each state would be entitled to one additional representative for every five electoral votes over ten it rated in the electoral college. By this system, powerful states like New York, California and Illinois would be assured of a major voice in all national decisions.

Russ Nixon of United Electrical Workers, executive secretary of the Wallace Labor Division, and Lee Pressman, the division counsel, came up with another idea. The national committee would be authorized to enlarge itself by 40 picked members-at-large to represent "the respective functional divisions of the party."

The key state and national leaders checked over this problem all week before the formal opening of the convention. Log-rolling and persistence finally carried the day for the new combination plan. The leadership, having agreed among themselves that this whole plan would be reviewed next year, pushed the report through with a minimum of debate.

Neither Henry Wallace nor his campaign manager, "Beanie" Baldwin, told their supporters they were going to win this election, but assorted secondary characters did raise such hopes during the convention. Almost nobody was fooled. The Progressives know they have no chance in 1948. They are aiming for 1950 and 1952, but what they must do now, if they are to be available for victory then, may be their downfall.

Since the moment Wallace declared his candidacy, the leaders in his movement have claimed that his running would be a boon to liberal candidates for Congress everywhere (Wallace would stimulate a large vote which is good for the liberals' chances). But the Progressives, having made their bid this year, have no choice but to challenge and defeat as many incumbents, liberals or otherwise, as they can. They must, in many states, poll a certain percentage of the total vote cast this year to remain on the ballot four years from now. Thus they must cut the throats of non-Progressives wherever they appear exposed.

Inevitably, logic, not sentiment, will prevail. Inevitably this year, the Republicans will benefit. The consequences of this gamble on the future at the expense of the present may be so appallingly apparent as to antagonize the whole body of potential party support.

Historically, minority parties have been missionaries for new ideas. The Wallaceites have contributed enough pressure on the question of discrimination to force Truman farther to the Left. But that is scarcely enough to justify so potentially dangerous an adventure.

The Philadelphia convention abounded in sincerity. Not even the most cynical of the press corps questioned the general purity of motive. But there was no visible core of experienced politicians. Purity is no guarantee against irresponsibility. The Progressive Party will have a sorry place in history if it turns out to be a one-shot protest with no staying power.

PROGRESSIVE PARTY POSTER BY BEN SHAHN

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INSIDE RUSSIA'S GERMANY

The full story told at last and in detail of what the USSR is doing and hopes to do in its Forbidden Zone

by Peter Nettle

The Berlin crisis has thrown a world spotlight on the question of Russia's intentions in Germany. All-important in seeking a clue to those intentions is the hitherto untold story of what she has already done in her own German zone. That story is told in a series of three articles, of which this is the first. In this series are spelled out in detail:

The sort of job the Russians are doing, and how Germans feel about it.

The highly important conflict between centralized and local administrations in the eastern zone.

The rapid and thorough subordination of non-Communists in the government, the courts, education, and elsewhere.

The confiscation of industry and the results of the agricultural policy.

The author, Peter Nettle, is a young Englishman who has spent several years in Berlin under exceptionally favorable circumstances to learn what is happening inside Russia's Germany. His series is published in conjunction with the Political Quarterly, London. – The Editors

THE CONCEPTION of postwar Germany as inevitably divided into East and West is coming to be generally accepted.

Although there are considerable differences in spirit and method between the British and American zones, and still more between the Anglo-US bizone and the French zone, the general idea of Germany divided into East and West is justified on political grounds. The French, however much they may differ from the British and the Americans in their intentions, are compelled to align their occupation policy with that of the other Western countries.

Apart from the fact that the Russian zone is something of an unknown quantity for the general public of the Western world, and an inspection of it will be of general interest, such an examination should help us to decide whether it is likely that Germany will once more be united, and, if so, on what terms. Moreover, a study of the Russian zone provides a rare insight into both Soviet administrative government and foreign policy.

The Russians' organization for administering their zone is fundamentally similar to that of the British, Americans and French. Apart from their representatives on the quadripartite body, they have a zonal headquarters with subordinate regional, or provincial, military-government headquarters. At the lower levels there are military-government detachments controlling a *Kreis,* a German administrative area roughly equivalent to a French subdepartment, and a *Kommandatura* in certain towns. The control of the military government and the command of the Red Army, though vested at the top in a Commander-in-Chief and Military Governor, Marshal Sokolovsky, is divided into two separate and independent administrations.

The standard of the Russian officials varies so widely that it is difficult to make a blanket appraisal. Almost all of those in military government are extremely hard workers, intent on doing a successful job. At the higher levels the officials are usually expert in their own field; some are well acquainted with German and English affairs and speak foreign languages fluently. At the lower level this careful selection is not so pronounced. The change-over from soldiers to civilians which has been general among the higher officials has been limited for those in less important positions. A sizable number of minor Russian officials and officers are employed in work of which they know next to nothing and are therefore compelled to find suitable Germans to carry out their tasks.

The spirit of the administration is highly centralized, but the emphasis is on the one great center at Moscow. This means that the Commander-in-Chief in Berlin, being directly controlled by Moscow in the same way as the regional commanders, has only limited authority over them. Moreover, it has been a Russian principle to send a number of missions with special jobs, such as the dismantling of factories and the seizure of war booty, to Germany under the direct control of Moscow. This system has led to signs of considerable independence on the part of the regional commanders at the expense of zonal headquarters in Berlin and has caused difficulties in effective zonal administration.

The ideological influence on Russian officials is very strong. The task of supervision is carried out by the chief of political administration together with the MVD—the descendant of the NKVD and the GPU—which is very much in evidence.

In their relations with their German subordinate officials and with the German population generally, the Russians again vary considerably. The Russian approach to the Germans does not seem to follow any fixed pattern. In some cases it is purely Machiavellian; if a man is useful, he will be treated well. The ration scale and its application are based on this principle. On the other hand, in a moment of anger, natural or alcoholic, Germans whom the Russians previously had been at pains to flatter may find themselves abused or dismissed. Politics naturally plays an important part. On the whole, however, the Russians seem to have made a better impression on the Germans than was originally expected.

Whatever a German may think of a Russian personally, there seems no doubt that he has a high opinion of him as an administrator. The somewhat flamboyant nature of the Russian military and civil administration, as well as its totalitarian spirit, seems to call forth an echo of approval. Many Ger-

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mans believe that if they prove themselves deserving the Russians will help them to rebuild their country.

This does not mean that a majority of Germans in the eastern zone are pro-Russian. Present circumstances and their general environment have made many both anti-Communist and anti-Russian. The zone's political organization, which benefits only those who are either professing Communists or else for one reason or another useful to the Russian authorities, is not calculated to endear Soviet rule to the general public. Those non-Communists who understand the full implications of the political and economic policy of the occupation are its determined enemies. It is, however, a dangerous fallacy to suppose that everybody in the eastern zone, except for convinced Communists, is violently and openly anti-Russian and would willingly exchange Russian rule for that of the Anglo-Americans. It is more a policy of sitting on the fence. In this respect the attitude is similar to that of the population in the western zone.

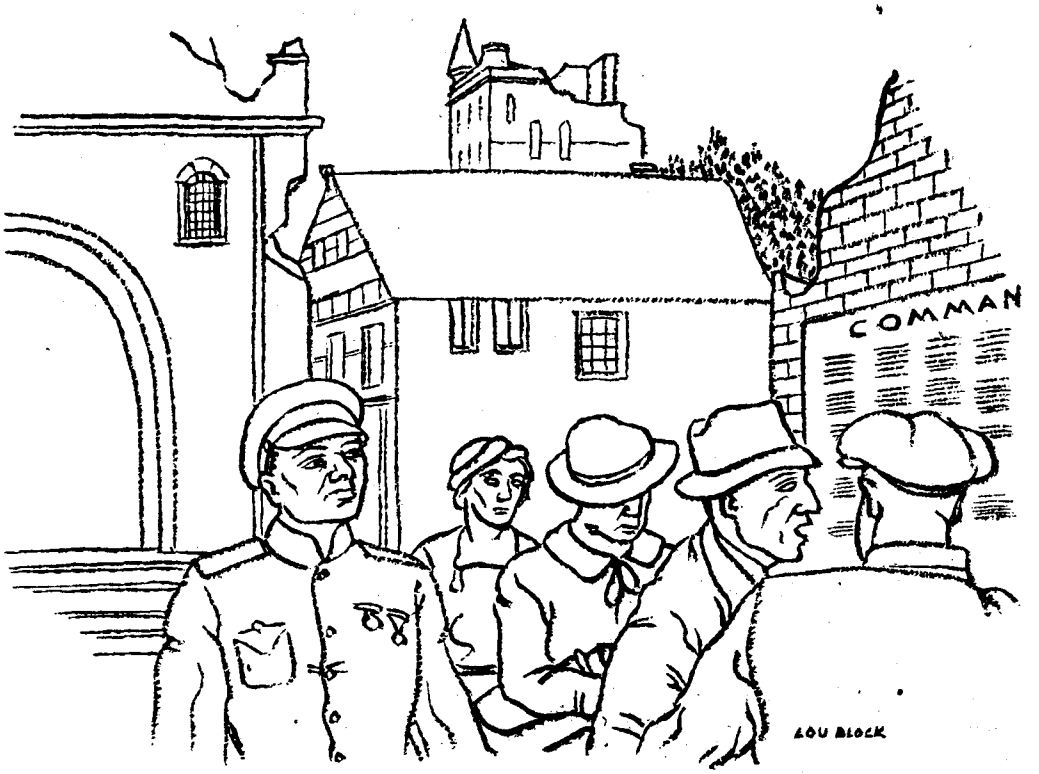
The political situation in the Eastern zone dominates every sphere of life. At the beginning of the Russian occupation there were four parties in existence, similar to the four main parties in the British and American zones. They corresponded roughly to a Communist Party (KPD), a Socialist Party (SPD), a new centrist Christian Democratic Party (CDU), which consisted of many of the remnants of the former Center Parties as well as the former Christian trade unions, and finally a resuscitated Liberal Party (LDP). Halfway through 1946, the KPD and the SPD were amalgamated into a newly formed Socialist Unity Party (SED), corresponding in many ways to the democratic bloc, or front, of the Communist Parties in the Balkans and Poland.

Considerable difficulty was experienced in persuading the leaders of the SPD in Berlin to support this amalgamation. Many of them had been active in the Social Democratic Party during its struggles with the Communists before 1933 and were not friendly to the Russian-dominated Communist Party of 1945. However, by offering them positions of importance and promising equal representation and a socialist rather than a communist bias in the future policy of the SED, the Russians won over some the SPD's higher functionaries.

As far as the Russians were concerned, an effort had indeed become necessary to counteract SPD influence both in Berlin and in their zone. The SPD had come to look to the socialist government of Britain as their chief support and had definitely adopted a "Western" policy. The Russians, who wanted to make themselves the exclusive champions of socialism in Germany, had therefore to contend with a powerfully organized and popular party which was socialist, but looked for support to Britain and the West. Since it was held that the fusion of the two parties had been carried out as a result of the demands of the majority in both, the SPD was declared to be no longer in existence and was forbidden in the Russian zone. In Berlin, however, which was governed on a quadripartite basis, the SPD, being officially recognized by the British and the Americans, continued to operate alongside the SED, now its mortal enemy.

The SED naturally occupies a predominant position in the Russian zone. Apart from the fact that its policy has at least the open support of the occupying power, it receives enormous material assistance from the Russians. In a country where the very essentials are hard to obtain, regular supplies of paper, food and funds, together with priority on accommodation, travel and transport, are invaluable for a political party. Much of its policy is in actual fact dictated by the Soviet authorities themselves.

The SED has been successfully organized as the primary means of carrying out Russian policy in Germany. Many measures seemingly proposed



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and put into effect by this party are of Russian origin, but their appearance of spontaneity redounds to the credit of the SED. The fact that it is the chief instrument of Russian policy and therefore in high favor with the occupying power, receiving every kind of material assistance, makes its present political position seemingly unassailable.

The SED's strength, however, is misleading, because the party's political predominance in the eastern zone is not backed by correspondingly strong popular support. Eastern-zone Germans are not vitally interested in politics any more than are their western-zone brothers, and in spite of a sustained campaign of propaganda, the polling at elections remains on a relatively small scale.

The leaders of the SED are fully aware of their precarious position. From the very start its officials were instructed to make themselves and their party as popular as possible. This campaign for increased public favor has been one of the main features of SED policy.

Frequent attempts have been made to interest the Germans by means of political questionnaires and public-opinion-research teams. Social reforms have been put into effect with the utmost speed in spite of the severe shortage of both men and means to carry them out. At the same time, through the land reforms and the sequestration of industrial enterprises, a new class of *de-facto* and *de-jure* proprietors has come into existence in Germany whose interests are irrevocably bound up with the regime.

The appearance of outside strength, qualified at the same time by potential weaknesses, is evident also in the internal organization of the party. In spite of the seeming solidarity of the SED, an increasing number of former Social Democrats have recently left it and have declared their adherence to the Social Democratic Party of the West by crossing the demarcation line into the British or American zone. At the same time former Social Democrats were being gradually undermined in their position and in some cases even threatened with arrest, although they professed continued loyalty to the policy of fusion.

Among the Communists themselves certain differences are appearing. Some of the old German Communists, although they emigrated to Russia early in 1933, are by no means in agreement with the present Russian trend of self-aggrandizement. Furthermore, many Communists who were in concentration camps in Germany look with a jaundiced eye at those who emigrated to Russia before and during the Hitler regime and have occupied the best positions in the political field.

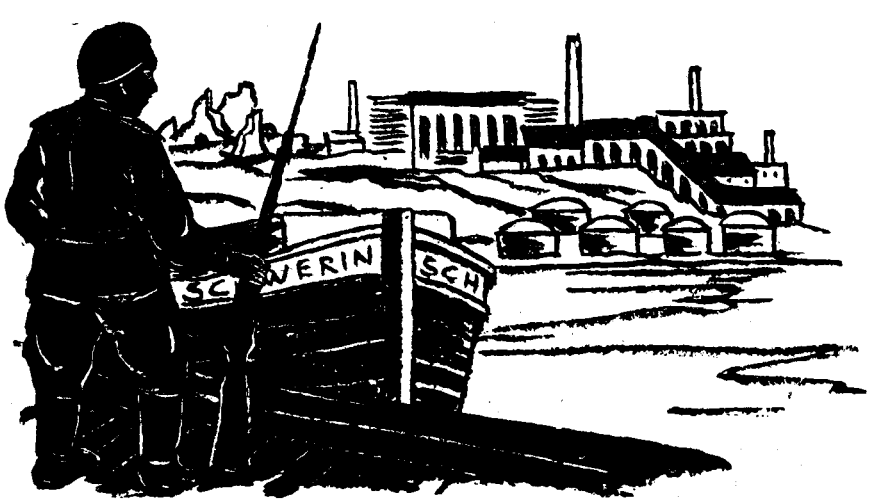
Compared with the SED, the two other parties are of far less consequence. The CDU, which is organized on an interzonal basis, is the stronger of the two "middle-class" parties. Its position in the Russian zone, however, is awkward. The fact that in this zone the CDU has to subscribe to the majority of the measures taken there brings it into strong opposition to its wing in the British and American zones which has declared itself strongly against nationalization of any sort.

The third of the political parties in the eastern zone, the LDP, is led by men active before 1933 in the old German Liberal Party. On a smaller scale, its position corresponds to that of the CDU, and it has the same difficulties with its branches in the western zones.

These three parties among them make up the entire political scene in the eastern zone. In order to ensure that no real opposition to the policy of the SED takes shape, all three have been welded into an anti-fascist bloc which is controlled by the SED. Most of the local government officials are members of the SED, their positions being either elective or, in technical functions, appointive.

The close affinity between the political and administrative control exercised by the SED is noticeable when the administrative organization of the eastern zone is studied. In accordance with quadripartite policy, the province, or *Land*, is officially the biggest independent political unit in the eastern as well as the western zone. The five eastern provinces and their capitals are Saxony (Dresden), Thuringia (Weimar), Saxony-Anhalt (Halle), Brandenburg (Potsdam), and Mecklenburg-Vorpommern (Schwerin).

Each of the *Länder* possesses an elected Diet and an executive government chosen from the leaders of the existing parties. Although nowhere in possession of an absolute numerical majority, the SED predominates in each *Land*. At the same time, as supreme provincial authority, there is a Russian military administration in each of the five state capitals. Apart from putting in key positions those officials whom they consider most reliable, the Russians have seen to it that the posts which control important administrations—like the police and the railways—are held by men who will carry out their policy unreservedly.



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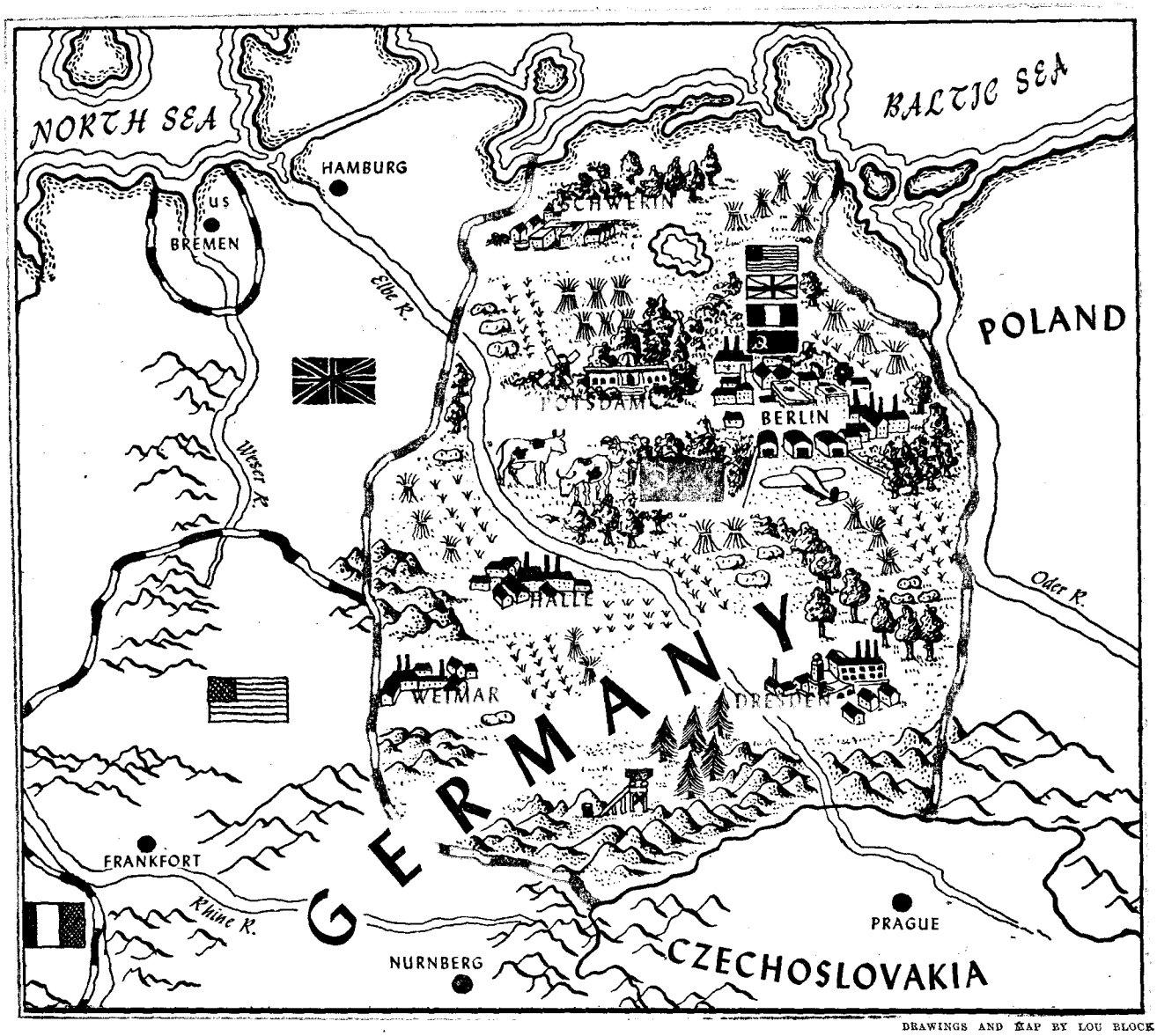

DRAWINGS AND MAP BY LOU BLOCK

At the same time the independence of the *Land* governments, directly controlled as they are by the Soviet provincial military administration from above, as well as by Communists from within, has come to be partly curtailed by the establishment of a number of central administrations in Berlin. These were founded soon after the end of the war. At first they were designed to act merely as the right arm of the Russian zonal military government to ensure that its orders were promptly and efficiently carried out. In course of time their limited functions gradually were extended, and as their officials became more experienced, greater responsibility was placed in their hands.

This gradual change in status raised important problems. Now that these administrations had acquired a measure of independence and had begun to think as well as to act, the problem of the political attitude of their officials became vital for the Russians. Complete agreement with Russian policy became essential. Thus the different experts, whose task it had been merely to carry out Russian orders with a maximum of technical and administrative skill, were submitted to increasing political supervision.

A system of personal benefits was instituted for officials of central authorities which, in the present state of universal penury, are important in keeping them subservient. A general issue of cigarettes, ranging from 100 to 300 a month according to rank, is made to all employees. Certain officials of higher grades receive extra rations of meat, butter and soap. Employees of the central administrations are aided in matters of accommodation and transport, as well as procurement of everyday necessities, otherwise almost unobtainable. A generous reduction in taxes on salaries—which are relatively high—plays a part in controlling the possible disagreement of officials with the policies they have to carry out. Nevertheless, many of the most capable Germans have left in the course of the last eighteen months. Those non-Communists who remain are fully aware of the insecurity of their position and do nothing that might compromise them.

The standards of the central ad-

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ministrations should not be underestimated. Although a considerable number of experts, whose work originally gave these agencies their deservedly high reputation, have now left—to be replaced, in some cases, by nonentities of mere political importance—the central administrations are still the best and most efficient administrative organizations in Germany.

One result of their increased scope has been a change in their relations with the provincial governments. As the central authorities began to shape administrative policy and to issue their own administrative and technical instructions, the provincial governments came to regard the existence of these central authorities as a potential threat to their independence. From that time dates a quiet but most persistent struggle for power between these two rivals.

The outcome depends entirely on the wishes of the Russian occupation authorities. Along with the other three occupying nations, they had originally agreed to the independence of the provincial governments as a first and obvious means of destroying the centralized powers of the Nazi regime and as an immediate guarantee against any resuscitation of Germany. The logical corollary was the setting up of strong and independent provincial governments. The Russians, however, muddied the waters by arbitrarily creating new provinces intended chiefly to conform to the cession of territory to Poland.

The drawbacks of regional independence are most apparent in the reorganization of the German economy, in which the Russians claim to be the only Big Four nation unselfishly interested. It was felt that some check should be put on the autonomy of the provinces, tending as it occasionally did toward administrative anarchy. The central administrations seemed the obvious limiting factors. It is striking that the central administrations, although they were not formed for that purpose, could very easily be turned into independent ministries, for all Germany, at short notice.

Although in the summer of 1947 emergency powers were granted to the administrations which temporarily established their increased control over the provincial governments, there has been a recent shift in favor of the continued independence of the provinces. To appreciate this change of policy it is necessary to examine what are probably the most important factors influencing Soviet policy in Germany at the moment. I shall discuss these in my next article.

In his second article, Peter Nettle describes the Russians' only partially successful efforts to remove factories and their working staffs to the USSR; how the big industrial units remaining in Germany have been confiscated and are now operated for the Russian account; how the records of former ownership have been destroyed; conflicting attitudes in railroad administration; and how the land policy has curtailed agricultural production. **– The Editors**

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by Malcolm Cowley

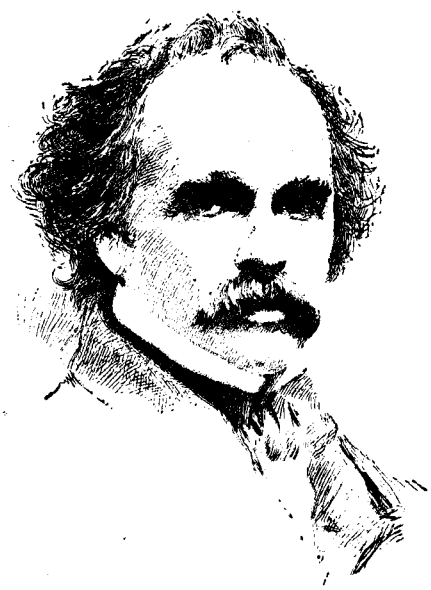
Out of the self-realization of this lonely and prodigious mind came the freshets of the American literary stream

HAWTHORNE IN SOLITUDE

AFTER FOUR moderately happy, moderately social years at Bowdoin College, Hawthorne came back to Salem, in 1825, and disappeared like a stone dropped into a well. He used to say that he doubted whether twenty persons in the community so much as knew of his existence. He had thought that while writing his first books he might support himself by working for his uncles, who were prosperous stage-coach proprietors; then later he might travel into distant countries. But the books didn't come out—except for a poor little romance called *Fanshawe* that was printed at his own expense—and meanwhile the place in his uncles' counting house was deferred from month to month, the travels from year to year. Day after day he spent alone in his room; it was an owl's nest, he said, from which he emerged only at dusk.

If he had lived in Boston he might have found others who shared his ambitions or at least understood them. Boston in 1825 had the beginnings of a literary society, but Salem was a little desert where it seemed impossible for any writer to flourish. Salem was shipping and politics; it was the waterfront, the new Irish slums and the big houses on Chestnut Street where people asked, "Who are the Hawthornes?" Any young man of Salem who tried to enter literature as others entered business or the law was condemned to solitude; and Hawthorne was doubly condemned, by his character as well as by his interests. He was intensely shy and proud—shy *because* he was proud, with a high sense of personal merits, a respect for his ancestors and a fear of being rebuffed if he went into society. The fear grew stronger as his clothes grew shabbier and his manners more reserved. "I sat down by the wayside of life," he said, "like a man under enchantment, and a shrubbery sprung up around me, and the bushes grew to be saplings, and the saplings became trees, until no exit appeared possible, through the tangling depths of my obscurity."

The twelve years that he spent alone in Salem were the central fact in Hawthorne's training as a writer. They were both his apprenticeship and his early travels, corresponding to the years that other American writers of his time spent wandering in Europe or making an overland expedition to Oregon or sailing round Cape Horn on a whaler. In recent terms they were his postgraduate work, his year in Paris, his summer at Bread Loaf, his military service, his job with the Luce organization, everything that prepared him for his career. He worked or idled under his own supervision, traveled into himself and studied the inner landscape. Since he lacked experience of the world, his early stories had to be woven out of his own mind, like a spider extruding its web.



Nathaniel Hawthorne

"The best things come, as a general thing, from talents that are members of a group," said Henry James in his little book on Hawthorne; "every man works best when he has companions working in the same line, and yielding the stimulus of suggestion, comparison, emulation." Hawthorne never had such a stimulus and, for the first twelve years of his literary life, he even lacked the feeling that his work was being read; he wrote like a prisoner talking aloud in his cell.

When he did find admirers, after 1837, they usually praised him for the wrong reasons. Most of them, including his wife, were Emersonian and idealistic, whereas Hawthorne's bent was toward psychological realism even when he was writing allegories. Fortunately he resisted their efforts to change him and proved that he was, in his own words, "a most unmalleable man." Since he had to look in himself for the answers to all his literary problems, he sometimes made elaborate mistakes; the wonder is that so many of the answers he found were usable. Not in his life, but in his work, he foreshadowed the ideals that later American writers would try to realize and fixed the patterns that many of them would instinctively follow.

During his years of solitude Hawthorne learned more about the art and the trade of writing than others learned in the marketplace. He learned, for example, to respect his own limitations. "Four precepts," he wrote in his notebook for 1835: "To

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break off customs; to shake off spirits ill-disposed; to meditate on youth; to do nothing against one's genius." He also learned—and this was a lesson he never forgot—that the best things he wrote were uttered by a voice deep within himself, whose speech he was unable to control. He surrendered himself to a power that was, so he said, "higher and wiser than himself, making him its instrument."

Yet this inner voice, which he sometimes regarded as divine, more often seemed to him infernal; thus, he spoke of *The Scarlet Letter* as being "baked in hell-fire."—"When I get home, I will try to write a more genial book," he said while working on *The Marble Faun*; "but the Devil himself always seems to get into my inkstand, and I can only exorcise him by pensful at a time." There were months and years, however, when the Devil stayed out of his inkstand, and that was worse; at such times Hawthorne felt that his work was contrived and inconsequential. "I have an instinct that I had better keep quiet," he said in one of his last letters to James T. Fields. "Perhaps I shall have a new spirit of vigor if I wait quietly for it; perhaps not."

He learned a wise patience that he sometimes explained as indolence. It was really watchfulness; he was crouching in wait for his thoughts like a duck-shooter hidden in the reeds. There was, however, another side to the picture and he also learned to be active in pursuit of his thoughts. He collected observations and stored them away in his notebook, so that he could make full use of the inspiration when it came at last; and he learned to wrestle with it and force it from its obscurity. "This forenoon," he said in a diary for 1843, "I began to write, and caught an idea by the tail, which I intend to hold fast, though it struggles to get free. As it was not ready to be put on paper, however, I took up the *Dial*, and finished the article on Mr. Alcott." The *Dial*, organ of the Concord intellectuals, was one of Hawthorne's trusted tools, but it served a different purpose from that intended by its editors; he read it when he was tired and usually it put him to sleep.

Cat-naps over the *Dial* were part of his routine, for he had learned a system of working, resting, exercising and returning to work with a fresh mind. In the summer—I am speaking of the first years after his marriage—he made entries in his notebook and hoed the garden, trying, as he said, to be "happy as a squash, and in much the same mode."—"I am never good for anything in the literary way," he wrote to Fields, "till after the first autumnal frost, which has somewhat the same effect on my imagination that it does on the foliage here about me, —multiplying and brightening its hues." All his four novels were finished during the winter, when he made a practice of writing from two to four hours each day—seldom longer than that, except when he was working excitedly on *The Scarlet Letter*, for he had found that the mood on which he depended was likely to vanish when he became too weary. One respects him for insisting on leisure when he hadn't money to pay for it. He was willing to live on rice and potatoes, the cheapest foodstuffs available in Concord, but he wouldn't hurry along a story that needed time to ripen.

He wrote a great deal more than one would infer from his easy schedule or from merely looking at the little shelf of books with "Hawthorne's Works" on the back. Besides the early stories he burned in his fireplace—once, he said, they set the chimney on fire—there was all the hackwork he did when trying to break away from Salem and later when he was earning a living for his little family. In 1836, for a promised salary of $500 a year (of which he received $20 in all), he not only edited but wrote almost the entire contents of the *American Magazine of Useful and Entertaining Knowledge*.

After the magazine went bankrupt, through no fault of the editor's, he wrote for a fee of $100 (which was actually paid and which he turned over to his sister for her share in the work) a history of the world that went through scores of editions and eventually had a sale of more than a million copies. In England, during the four years when he was consul at Liverpool, he wrote nothing for publication except a preface to Delia Bacon's crazy book on Shakespeare; but he kept a journal that ran to 300,000 words and it was more carefully expressed than most published novels. One might say that he taught himself to write by writing a great deal.

He also learned to write by constant reading. Having acquired the habit at the age of nine, he kept it all his life; in his last years he went through the Waverley novels a second time, reading them aloud to his family. It was Scott who formed his early picture of literary success. He wanted to do for New England what the Waverley novels had done for Scotland.

We have a record of the books that Hawthorne borrowed from the Salem Athenaeum during most of his solitary period. His average was a hundred titles each year: biography, travel, New England history, encyclopedias (which he seems to have read from beginning to end) and bound volumes of the English magazines; the record shows that he had a thirst for general information. He also read the latest novels, which he rented from a circulating library. In some respects his choice of books seems curious and impractical for a Romantic writer trying to keep abreast of the movement to which he belonged. Thus, he studied the French classics, especially Racine and Voltaire, but nowhere in all his notebooks does he mention Balzac, Stendhal, Hugo or any other French rebel of his own time. If he was closer in spirit to the German Romantics, it was not because he read them; once, with a German phrasebook, he puzzled through a story by Johann Ludwig Tieck, but he never

Malcolm Cowley has edited and written an introduction for a new selection, The Portable Hawthorne, published by The Viking Press, $2.

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THE SCARLET LETTER

repeated the experiment. Some of his favorite English authors, besides Scott and Bunyan, were Pope, Swift, Addison and Dr. Johnson—all of whom represented the classical and commonplace standards against which Hawthorne's fellow Romantics were in revolt.

It was from these Augustan writers that he seems to have acquired the Latinized style of his early work. The style was old-fashioned, balanced, formal, one might almost say white-silk-stockinged and periwigged; it was a curious manner of writing for an author bent on penetrating the shadowy places of the heart. It was full of personified abstractions. "Sometimes," he said in describing one of his early heroines, "she stole forth by moonlight and visited the graves of venerable Integrity, and wedded Love, and virgin Innocence, and every spot where the ashes of a kind and faithful heart were mouldering." The sentiment is Romantic, while the language is that of an eighteenth-century drawing-room poet—and not one of the best.

But the style loosened imperceptibly as Hawthorne grew older, until he was writing easier, more graceful English than any other American of his time. One reason for the change was his habit of walking out his stories, repeating them to himself as he strolled along the seashore or under the pines, until the words fitted themselves to his stride. The result was that his somewhat provincial drawing-room manner developed into a natural, a *walked* style, with a phrase for every step and a comma after every phrase, like a footprint in the sand. Sometimes the phrases hurry, sometimes they loiter, sometimes they march to drums. Hawthorne had no ear for music and couldn't tell one melody from another, but his sense of rhythm was extraordinary.

Since he could never express himself in company—except sometimes in his later years over a bottle of wine—writing became his principal means of communication with the world; that explains why he tried to make every statement clear. He learned to use what he called "the humblest medium of familiar words and images."—"Every sentence," he said in the introduction to *Twice-Told Tales*, "so far as it embodies thought or sensibility, may be understood and felt by anybody who will give himself the trouble to read it, and will take up the book in the proper mood." He was proud of his ability to write for children without condescension; "I never did anything else so well as these old baby stories," he said when he was working on *Tanglewood Tales*.

Apparently he agreed with Poe in thinking that the writer's principal problem was how to produce "effects," which might be defined as states of feeling induced in his readers. Writing to his friend Horatio Bridge, a naval officer who was planning to keep a journal of his trip to Africa, Hawthorne mentioned some of the methods by which effects might be achieved. "Begin to write always before the impression of novelty has worn off from your mind," he said, "else you will be apt to think that the peculiarities which at first attracted you are not worth recording; yet those slight peculiarities are the very things that make the most vivid impression upon the reader. Think nothing too trifling to write down, so it be in the smallest degree characteristic. You will be surprised to find on re-perusing your journal what an importance and graphic power these little particulars assume." In the course of time Hawthorne had trained himself to observe "little particulars"; he insisted on being a good reporter as well as an artist. He was a good journalist or magazinist, too; and one reads his occasional articles with wonder at all the original methods he found for presenting his rather tame material. Everything he published had the charm of solid craftsmanship. He was perhaps the first American writer with a professional attitude toward all his work.

In other respects he was also a

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pioneer. Even before Poe he was the first American—and possibly the first in any country—to write short stories in the modern sense of the term: not sketches or episodes, but stories built around a single effect and having the unity of a lyric poem. Moreover, he carried his prose experiments farther than Poe, for he was also the first to write novels that were as tightly constructed as short stories. There is more to be said about Hawthorne's conception of the novel (or romance). One can see by internal evidence that he was faced with difficulties in the longer form; his training as a short-story writer made it hard for him to keep the action continually moving forward; but he solved this problem, too, by dividing his novels into scenes or tableaus, each strikingly visualized and balanced one against another; essentially it was the dramatic method of writing fiction that Henry James would rediscover in his final period.

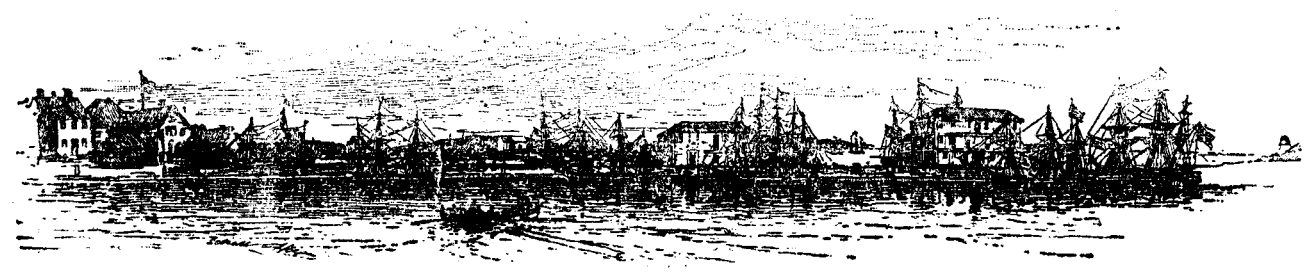
Within the limitations of his technique and personality, each of his novels is different from all the others, both in subject and in mood. One principle he followed instinctively was that every work of art must be right by its own laws, which are never quite the same as those governing any other work of art. Another principle was that each novel should be like a painting complete within its frame. Besides being a series of balanced tableaus, the action of his novels consists of *interactions* among a few characters—usually four—with voices from the crowd as a sort of dramatic chorus; and the result is that each book becomes a separate system of relationships, a field of force as clearly defined and symmetrical as a magnetic field. Hawthorne was the first American writer to develop this architectural conception of the novel; and even in France *Madame Bovary* wasn't published until seven years after *The Scarlet Letter* had appeared in Boston.

Flaubert and Hawthorne had not a little in common; their work revealed the same search for perfection (though Flaubert carried it farther), the same mixture of realism and romanticism, the same feeling that each new novel was a totally new problem in mood and organization. Frederick Moreau of *Sentimental Education* was said to be a self-portrait of Flaubert; and one cannot fail to note his resemblance to Miles Coverdale of *The Blithedale Romance*, who was said to be a self-portrait of Hawthorne. The striking difference between the two authors was that Flaubert regarded himself as living and working at the center of the civilized world, on an eminence from which life could be judged without moral preconceptions, whereas Hawthorne remained the complete provincial even when living in Europe. He was provincial in both the good and the bad sense of the word: in the good sense because he knew his province, accepted his part in it, and tested everything else in the world by New England standards (so that he transferred the Greek legends to the Berkshires after purifying them, as he said, of all moral stains); and provincial in the bad sense because his localism made him blind to other values than those accepted in Boston.

Sometimes his work had a sort of New England stuffiness, as if it were meant to be read in an unaired parlor. At his worst he wrote and acted less like Flaubert than like the late George Apley—as when he quailed at the notion of meeting George Eliot, who was living with a man she couldn't marry, and when he refused to admit that any sculptor was a genius unless he was able to portray heroism in frock coat and breeches. "I do not altogether see the necessity of ever sculpturing another nakedness," he said in his notebook for 1858. "Man is no longer a naked animal; his clothes are as natural to him as his skin, and sculptors have no more right to undress him than to flay him." Hawthorne had always been interested in clothes as symbols that revealed a man's nature while concealing it, and now his interest had become an obsession. Having dressed his thoughts in trousers, he no longer moved with the freedom of the naked mind.

Yet he was, for all his decorum, a man of strong passions who liked to write about women of strong passions. Two of his four novels deal with adultery and a third, *The Blithedale Romance*, is about a woman trying to escape from an undesirable husband who has reduced her sister to moral slavery. The adulterous heroine of *The Scarlet Letter* justifies her life in terms that shocked Hawthorne's early critics: "What we did," she says to her lover, "had a consecration of its own."

In the background of *The Marble Faun*, adultery is compounded with incest and fratricide. Miriam is married to a near relative—one would guess her half-brother—who is a mixture of saint and devil. When the devilish side comes uppermost and he tries to resume their relationship, she encourages Donatello to kill him; and one assumes that she and Donatello become lovers that same night. I cannot imagine that Howells, for example, would have dared to tell such a story even discreetly and by implication, as Hawthorne told it; in most



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SALEM HARBOR

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of the New England writers passion was not only censored in its expression but expunged from the heart. It is only the surface that is censored in Hawthorne and it is chiefly the surface that has aged; his underlying problems are as real to us today as when he first presented them.

Although he doubted that his work would be remembered, Hawthorne fixed a pattern for writers who came after him; and it was by no means the pattern that critics expected to find. It had been taken for granted that American literature would somehow correspond to the physical and social features of a new country: that it would be as broad as the continent, as hardy and uncouth as the pioneers and as noisy as an election campaign. But the correspondence that really exists between literature and society can seldom be reduced to these parallels, because books are written by men of special training, from their special type of experience. Not many American writers have been frontiersmen or politicians or even businessmen; most of them have had the feeling of being more or less isolated from their neighbors. Whitman, a lonely man, tried to create a literature of democratic comradeship. After those first great poems in which he poured out his feelings, he made the mistake of conforming to a preconception of what he should write, and that is why much of his work seems forced and empty. Hawthorne in his solitude wrote what he had to write. Because he obeyed his instinct, which he personified as his genius or demon, he proved to be a better prophet than Whitman of the books to be written after his death.

So far as there has been a continuous literary tradition in this country, it is the one that Hawthorne had a share in founding. So far as there has been a prevailing tone in our literature, it is not the one that critics tried to deduce from American geography or American politics. In one respect the critics proved to be right. Most of our writers have been democratic, for the simple reason that they were reared in a democratic society and that, in spite of their isolation, they shared its feelings and had to express what they saw. Hawthorne, who started in life as a Jacksonian Democrat, became more conservative as he grew older; but he retained an interest in ordinary persons—as persons, not as specimens—that set him apart from most of his European contemporaries. That faith runs through American literature; one finds it even in Henry James.

In other respects the best of our writing has taken a course that contradicts most of the prophecies made a century ago. To speak in general terms it has been, not broad and sweeping, but narrow and deep; not epical, but lyrical; not optimistic, but somber and self-questioning in its mood; not young, but middle-aged—one might almost say from the beginning; not realistic as a whole, but marvelously realistic in its grasp of details; not careless and uncouth, but often formalized and troubled by the search for perfection; not prevailingly social, but psychological, and interested from the first in what afterwards came to be known as depth psychology. On the whole it has been a literature of loneliness and one in which persons, however real in themselves, tend to dissolve into symbols and myths. Hawthorne's work continues to stand as one of its archetypes, at the beginning of a double line that runs through James to Eliot, with all his imitators, and through Stephen Crane to Faulkner and Hemingway.

BOOKS IN REVIEW

HOPEFUL YESTERDAYS

FREEDOM AND ORDER, by Anthony Eden (Houghton Mifflin; $5).

THE SELECTED SPEECHES of Anthony Eden, delivered between 1939 and 1946, lack the thundering eloquence of his great chief, Winston Churchill, and suffer from the flatness of virtually all published addresses. But they do make an interesting record of the official viewpoint of a man who has played a vital role in recent world history.

For most of the period recorded in *Freedom and Order*, Eden was second in command to, and high in the confidence of, the Prime Minister. After the fall of the Churchill government in 1945, he became one of the most influential voices of the Conservative opposition. In both capacities, what he had to say was important. When he was Foreign Secretary during an uneasy world collaboration against Nazi Germany and her allies, he was, not unnaturally, lacking in complete public candor. But even his reticent and careful comments on the troubled international relations of a diverse military coalition have the value of suggesting the tremendous wartime strains that were to result in the bitter falling out among allies which currently threatens the world. In these speeches, arranged and provided with notes on contemporary events by Brigadier A. R. W. Low, two things stand out. One has to do with international affairs, the chief interest of the book, and the other with British internal policies.

As we go to press, the publishers inform us that the publication of Freedom and Order has been postponed.

In the world field, Eden traces the melancholy and extremely painful picture of the tragic change from the days of Stalingrad, when the British Foreign Secretary was filled with hope that after the war the Soviet Union and the British Empire would stand together in a brotherhood of peace forged in battle, to the later days of open suspicion and recrimination.

Because of both his official position for most of the period and the natural superficiality of the medium of public speaking, Eden's contemplation of the collapse of understanding never goes

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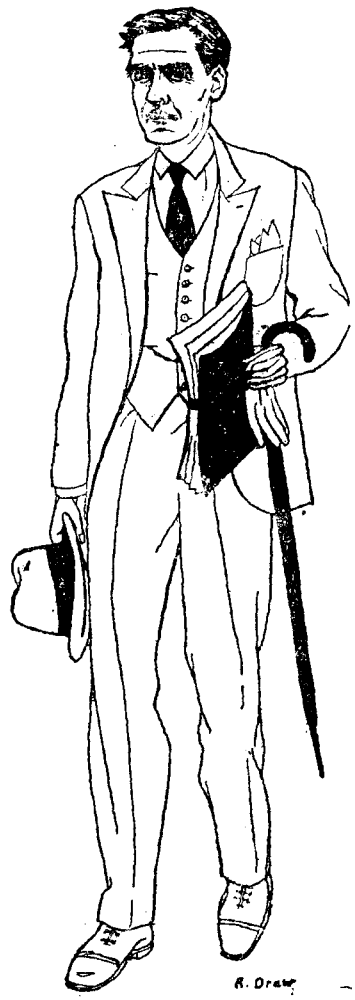
deeply into inner causes, and even his early optimism is by no means completely disingenuous. But the change in mood from the time when he could speak with a show of sympathy for Russia's attitude toward Poland and defend the justice of the Curzon Line, to his bitterness over Iran and his dubious defense of reaction in Greece is in itself a gloomy but useful commentary on the decline and fall of a friendship. The world has moved so far from its one-time confidence amid the desperation of war that there is a "Lest we forget" value to quoting him in those sanguine moments.

After his visit to Russia in the winter of 1941-42, we find him saying: "But this assurance I can give you, that when our communiqué speaks of our identity of views on all questions relating to the conduct of the war, those words are not mere diplomatic jargon, they tell you the literal and absolute truth." There is *no "diplomatic jargon,"* either, in his words on the heroism and fighting spirit of the Soviet troops, and there is patent sincerity in the closing sentences of his report to Parliament on his trip: "The Soviet Union is determined to do all that is in its power to insure that Germany cannot launch further wars upon the world; so are we. Out of the untold human suffering of the present war the Soviet Union wishes to gain a lasting peace for all its peoples; so do we. For these common objects we must work together to win the war and to win the peace. With the experience of our Moscow talks fresh in my mind, I am convinced that we can do both."

In a later address he repeats that "I have for a long time held the view that there was no reason why there should be any conflict between the Soviet government and ourselves," and he quotes Stalin in support of his belief. After the Moscow Conference of 1943, he says that its results "exceeded my hopes," and, speaking of Germany's efforts to create distrust among her enemies, he adds: "I should like to report that all these attempts failed utterly, and in that brief fort-



night the last chance of creating disunity between the three Allied Powers was completely and finally destroyed." He speaks happily of the "consequences for good in this close association of three great powers," and there is something particularly nostalgic in reading today his closing remarks: "I could not help reflecting, as we flew over Stalingrad: Is it not possible that these cities that have been utterly shattered shall live again and that this time they can live their lives in lasting peace?"

Worth recalling, too, is his reminder of what he calls "Germany's game." Of it, he said after Teheran: "She will play it with all she knows from the moment the last shot is fired —to sow confusion, to sow doubt and division. That will be Germany's game, and thus to prepare for the next war." Note also, in the light of his final disillusionment, that even after the Potsdam Conference, when he was no longer in office and could be more frank, he still expressed his belief that the USSR was sincere in its fear of attack and in its desire to collaborate with Britain and the US, even though he criticized the Kremlin for wanting such collaboration only on its own, difficult terms.

Turning to Eden's views on internal affairs and the policy of the Labor Government, one is reminded of Ellis Arnall's recently expressed regret that America's conservatives tend to be narrow and reactionary. Eden is strong in his opposition to the Attlee regime and he can speak, as narrowly as any Republican congressional leader, about the "antithesis" between liberty and socialism and the evils of government control of industry. Like all English Conservatives, he grows rhapsodic over "free enterprise" in the US.

He speaks bitterly of those who criticize the "continuity" of British foreign policy, without himself recognizing that what he means is the continuity of a reactionary policy apparently as bent as we are on supporting moribund causes everywhere. Nevertheless there is a suggestion of breadth of view and a willingness to recognize change that is absent from America's Tories. "We are not," he says, "wedded to a rigid economic doctrine." And he adds, "We avoid both the extreme of individualism and the folly of total state domination." Compared to a good, local Tory, he seems, for all his stalwart conservatism, a sound, middle-of-the-road liberal. RICHARD WATTS JR.

THE LADY DOTH PROTEST

THE BLOOD OF OTHERS, by Simone de Beauvoir (Alfred A. Knopf; $3).

ONE MIGHT WONDER whether this novel by Simone de Beauvoir would have attracted the attention of an American publisher were it not for the current interest in existentialism and especially in the writings of Sartre. The story itself is often a dull, disjointed, intellectualized affair; most of the characters are flat instead of round, and the writing is too often trite.

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Existentialism is here placed in its appropriate setting, in an atmosphere of hopelessness relieved by strong blasts of moral regeneration; its presence is more clearly manifested, I suppose, in the form of frequent and excited uses of such phrases as "I exist," "I have never stopped existing," and other declensions of the same verb.

I had some difficulty in getting into the story because of Miss de Beauvoir's practice of juggling pronouns so that the same person may be referred to in a single paragraph as both "he" and "I." This is not conducive to clarity, but it is perhaps inevitable that the disciple of a philosophy of obscure tendency should affect similar tendencies of syntax. At the center of the plot are Jean and Hélène: he, a young man of a middle-class Parisian family who turns radical, renounces his expectations and becomes a journeyman printer; she, a young designer who falls in love with him—an affection long unreciprocated—becomes his mistress and is killed while performing a mission for the Resistance.

The period covered is from the mid-thirties to shortly after the fall of France, when Jean, after discharge from the army, has become a leader of the underground. From Hélène's deathbed, the reader, by flashbacks, is led through a series of earlier episodes involving Jean, Hélène and their friends during the years of the nation's corruption and decay. Jean appears a serious, depressed, socially earnest fellow who is unresponsive to and, indeed, somewhat alarmed by the ardent Hélène. But we have no real picture of Jean either on the domestic side or as a hero. Miss de Beauvoir succeeds occasionally in making Hélène a living person, one who eats, breathes, smells, sorrows and experiences understandable emotions when in bed with her lover. Like Jean, however, she broods too much, and the reader is forced, paraphrasing E. M. Forster, to waste time running up and down ladders in the two principal characters' insides.

There are times when Miss de Beauvoir writes with high passion and sensitivity, and a few episodes of the war years come off with impact. But there is a persistent atmosphere of pseudo-profundity; the perfunctory discussions of politics and philosophy give the impression of having been pasted in as afterthoughts; and the air so insistently smells of cabbages, fried potatoes, ink and dust, and onions and sausages that in the end it weakens one's belief that this life is real. Altogether, while the characters (and the author herself) may be going through tempestuous and terrible experiences of inner and outer conflict, the reader will manage without difficulty, I think, to remain quite calm.

Without existentialism, this would undoubtedly have been a better novel. It may be that Sartre, having a clearer idea of his system, can preach its tenets less obtrusively; Miss de Beauvoir, on the other hand, will not spare us her message. The limits of fiction are wide, but it cannot after all be emancipated from itself entirely and made a handmaiden of philosophy. And what a doctrine this is. So vague, so evocative, so incomplete, so obscure, so true, so eclectic that it means at once everything and precisely nothing.

The publishers attach for the reviewer's benefit an article on existentialism which enlightens, so far as I am concerned, neither the doctrine nor the book. "Existence is essence"; "To do and while doing to make oneself and to be nothing but the self which one has made." This last, by the master himself, was surely better phrased even by that old bore Polonius.

"I think, therefore I am," said Descartes. "I am, therefore I must *be*," says Sartre. Both apothegms have something in common: an oaken common sense, an irrefragable veracity and a marvelous sterility. Descartes was a nimble fellow and had no trouble developing a metaphysic despite his postulate. Sartre is also pretty agile and has assembled a caboodle which appeals to many among a weary, bewildered, guilt-stricken people. The Christian, the Buddhist, the Marxist, the Tory, the rationalist, the mystic, the believer, the skeptic, the bell-toller, the individualist, the social anarchist: for each

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of these Sartre has a message. The world *is in the beholder's eye* and whatever is there, if it truly reflects the inner self, is the ineluctable case and must not be denied. In the eye of Miss de Beauvoir is a stern, Savonarola-like image.

Facing the title page is a Dostoevsky quotation: "Each of us is responsible for everything and to every human being." This appears to be the moral of the novel. But had it been a quotation from Oscar Wilde, Parmenides, Nietzsche, Hegel, Zeno or Coué, it would not have departed from the hard core of existentialism as I understand it. JAMES R. NEWMAN

AN AMERICAN DEMOCRAT

PERSONAL EQUATION, by Albert Guérard (W. W. Norton; $3.50).

ALBERT LÉON GUÉRARD, historian, educator and world citizen, has at 68 set down "the evolution of my thought" rather than the "outward events of my life" in his autobiography. The outward events, to be sure, are not wholly missing; he records nostalgically the Paris of his youth, his participation in the Dreyfus case, his teaching at Williams, Rice Institute and Stanford, and his valuable contribution to the OWI. But it is largely an account of a supple and inquiring mind on a journey that has led from Tory anarchism to a ringing faith in democracy.

The way stations on this journey have been many, and at times have almost upset the solid core of common sense that rules Guérard's thinking. A first-rate historian, he was capable several years ago of writing a biography of Napoleon III which attempted to prove that the *salaud* was a greater socialist than Karl Marx. At present, with such global thinkers as Robert Hutchins and Mortimer Adler, he is drafting nothing less than a constitution for a "Federated World Republic," energy that might better be expended on examining the concrete, life-and-death realities that immediately face the United Nations.

Guérard repeatedly expresses his gratitude to America. America should be equally grateful to him, for, like Del Vayo and Salvemini, he is among the great contributors of Europe to our civilization. G. M.

CITY PEOPLE

THE WORLD IS A WEDDING, by Delmore Schwartz (New Directions; $2.75).

THIS IS a collection of seven stories which first appeared in the *Partisan* and *Kenyon Reviews*. In reading them, one may be reminded, with some surprise, of just how little attention has been given to their subject: middle-class life in a large American city.

So much of our fiction of any interest has been concerned with rural subjects, or towns and provincial cities. Or if the large city figured, it has usually been in relation to the country around it; as the mecca, for instance, of the aspiring outlander. This is determined by the fact that in spite of the industrialization of our national life, and the centralization of its industries, there is as yet practically no tradition or comprehension of urban life in America. When this *does* exist, it is almost always among people of more or less recent immigration, usually of Middle and Eastern European (and often Jewish) origin. These are the people Delmore Schwartz writes about, and so exclusively is he concerned with their origin, their habits, and the social structure of their environment that these stories might be more exactly called studies of a milieu.

The locale of his people is New York, "the city in which they lived and were lost." "Nature," for them, is Central Park. The structure of the society is tribal, based on "the mystery of family life." These people are intensely aware of their forebears "who have gone from the community life of the old country and foundered amid the immense alienation of metropolitan life." But though they carry this burden of heredity, there is an inevitable split between the generations and between their experience of America. The older people retained their wonder of the new world: "When the first plane flew, when elevators became common, when the new subway was built . . . when the toilet-bowl flushed like Niagara . . . when a Jew was made a member of President Theodore Roosevelt's cabinet, the excited exclamation was: 'America! America!' "

Among the younger people, on the other hand, "practically everyone is unhappy, though few will admit the fact." They shared in a different but just as significant national experience: "The depression had occurred to these human beings." It taught them, among other things, the experience of idleness. This was an invaluable training for the shiftless, but it gave a real meaning to the alternatives expressed by the more deliberate and intelligent: "We have a choice between doing what we don't want to do or doing nothing."

In these stories they for the most part do something—in business (particularly the older generation), or in the professions, or as artists and intellectuals. Even more characteristic is their social life. In these stories there is an extraordinary prevalence of parties, but the spirit is not a festive one. It is almost the sociability of a prison camp or a colony of exiles, organized for mutual protection against an alien world. "They came together in order not to be alone, to escape from deviceless solitude." Exclusively cliquish, "all of us consume each other, and life without such friends as we are to each other would be unbearable." It is the sociability of loneliness and alienation, for "they did not inhabit a true community and there was an estrangement between each human being and his family, or between his family and his friends, or between his family and his school."

Schwartz often characterizes his people in terms of achievement, appropriate enough in a competitive environment. A person is successful: he makes money; he belongs to one of the respected professions; he excels in his studies. On the other hand, the term "failure" is repeatedly used as an adequate and valid judgment. Another frequent term is "genius," the

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accolade of a rootless and economically precarious people. For genius is a gift, the God-given jackpot; in the lottery of birth, anyone is potentially such a little messiah.

It will be obvious that such characterization is best suited to the comic figure who can be judged externally by these socio-economic criteria. And I think Schwartz's best character is Seymour (in the excellent contracted novel, *The Child Is the Meaning of This Life*). Seymour is the professional flop, the loafer with "a liking for pickles, delicatessen, and cake," who exploits his mother and sisters; the inveterate liar and petty crook who "suspected lying and dishonesty in everyone."

These stories are written, for the most part, in a monotonous, even awkward, prose. For a writer with a reputation as a poet, they are surprisingly deficient in imagery or the visual sense. But one soon notices in the explicit themes, in the abstract language, in the political references and in the tone of polite discussion, a deliberate direction halfway between traditional fiction and the philosophical dialogue.

In a number of instances Schwartz brings it off beautifully; in any case, it's a direction along which writers, here and there, are feeling their way, and one which should have happy consequences for the form and content of fiction. JOHN FARRELLY

MUSIC: Mozart in the Rockies

CENTRAL CITY, COLORADO

IN THE SIXTIES and seventies, when a few square miles of Colorado earth yielded a half billion dollars' worth of gold, the miners converged upon Central City to attend entertainments ranging from "She Stoops to Conquer" to "Ten Nights in a Barroom" and "A Trip Across the Ocean" ("a show any lady can see"). When the log theatre burned, plans were promptly drawn up for an edifice in keeping with the wealth and fame of the little boom city.

In 1878, the Opera House was completed, facing on precipitous Eureka Street and backed up against the Rockies. The structure was built to last, with four-foot walls of native stone. In its first decade, a procession of celebrities, Joe Jefferson and Sarah Bernhardt among them, made the 40-mile climb from Denver on the narrow-gauge railroad. When President Grant came to stay at the Teller House, next door to the theatre, the residents laid a pavement of solid silver bricks in his honor.

Then the ore ran out. By the turn of the century no more notables came to the Teller House; the Opera House was locked and abandoned; the carved traceries on the porches of Central City homes began to rot, and quiet fell on Eureka Street.

This summer the Central City Opera House is 70 years old. The Teller House is asking—and getting—$6 a night for a bleak little room with a bed, a washbowl and a pitcher; $4 for dinner. Tickets to the Opera House are hard to get at $6.60, and after the evening performance Eureka Street is loud with voices until nearly dawn.

It is not "Ten Nights in a Barroom" that brings visitors to Central City from all over America; it is grand opera, an alternating schedule of Mozart's "Così Fan Tutte" and Offenbach's "The Tales of Hoffmann," done with a liveliness and finish that put the Metropolitan among the also-rans.

The renaissance of Central City began in 1931, when the three children of Peter McFarlane, one of the original builders, gave the abandoned Opera House to the University of Denver. The University had no funds to spend on what appeared to be a white elephant, but two Denver women, Ida Kruse McFarlane and Anne Evans, dreamed of making the theatre a memorial to Colorado's pioneers. They persuaded citizens of Denver to subscribe enough funds to restore the building, which was still sound but in need of refurbishing. The warm red and gold frescoes on the ceiling were retouched, the sturdy hickory chairs were prepared to receive the lighter frames of a new generation, and in 1932 the Central City Play Festival was inaugurated by a revival of "Camille," produced, designed and directed by Robert Edmond Jones and starring Lillian Gish.

Neither Mrs. McFarlane nor Miss Evans lived to see the reopening, but their foresight had established a dual pattern of high artistic excellence and dependable civic support. From the beginning, leading Denver citizens have been willing to underwrite the festival and help operate it, without remuneration. Best of all, they have not meddled in artistic matters, but have engaged first-class men.

In its first years the festival swung back and forth from straight drama (Walter Huston in "Othello," Ruth Gordon in "A Doll's House") to light opera ("The Merry Widow," "The Gondoliers," "The Yeomen of the Guard"). The present commitment to opera dates from the arrival upon the scene of Herbert Graf, the Metropolitan's chief stage director, who mounted the productions of "The Barber of Seville" and Gluck's "Orpheus" in 1941. These productions were Jones's last contributions to Central City. The war interrupted the project, and when the festival was resumed in 1946, Donald Oenslager replaced him as designer.

In its size and acoustics, and in the gay mood of the audience, the Opera House made an ideal setting for "Così Fan Tutte." Oenslager's designs were bright and witty, if a bit too full of glittering cellophane, and Graf, whose career had been damaged by the slipshod way the Metropolitan gets things onto the stage, had ample rehearsals to demonstrate the brilliance of his directorial talent and the deftness with which he can handle eighteenth-century comedy. The young cast had learned to sing the music with both

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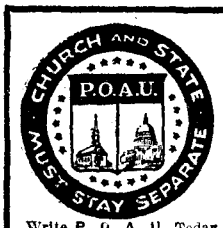

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zest and taste; you could listen through a good many opera seasons without hearing anything lovelier than the duets of the two principal sopranos, Anne Bollinger and Jane Hobson. Emil Cooper, the conductor, recaptured a vitality and enthusiasm he has lost at the Metropolitan.

"The Tales of Hoffmann" was less good, for contemporary American singers and actors seem to have no feeling for fantastic romanticism. But it was an agreeable foil for the Mozart, and the audience enjoyed hearing the Barcarolle against Oenslager's wonderfully lush Venetian setting.

Central City is one of the hopes of American opera production, for its performances are prepared with care, skill and love. There ought to be some way of circulating this "Così Fan Tutte" around the country—not everyone can hear Mozart 8,600 feet high in the Rockies.

CECIL SMITH

THEATRE: Audiences

IT WAS A SAD DAY for the theatre when the populace began to break up into disparate units, some of which might fall into the special category known as the theatre audience. Ideally, there should be no such thing as a theatre public distinguishable from the community at large. The theatre should be a function in which everyone has a part, just as all members of a tribe presumably share a common bond in primitive ritual. We may read the symptoms of the theatre's disease today in the composition and attitude of its audiences.

Two weeks ago I was persuaded to go out of town to see the tryout of a new play. What made the strongest impression on me was the audience on the fourth night of the suburban run. Since this play was being given its first airing in a spot only one hour from New York, the theatre was packed with professionals. A worse audience can hardly be imagined.

The assemblage was bad not because of stupidity, but because it was too interested—in the wrong things. It was so aware of everything that might make the play a commodity that it could not possibly be aware of what might make it a play.

There were prospective publishers; the backers and their representatives; agents for the various participants in the production; producers who had turned the play down; the director's friends, supporters and slanderers; people who hoped the play would prove a hit and those who prayed for a flop; people who wanted to boast they had seen it first; people who were eager to report what some people would say about it—experts all.

An audience aware of the importance of its own opinion can be dangerous. An audience that seeks above all to have an opinion—and to parade it—is a menace. The audience that believes that one goes to the theatre to form an opinion—that opinion is what the theatre aims to create—is destructive of all real values in the theatre even when its opinion is favorable. The theatre is a place for experience rather than for judgment. An audience's merit is its capacity to feel rather than its disposition to hold court.

What was terrible about the audience I describe—to a great degree it was very like most of our first-night audiences—was that it reflected the condition of our theatre. We are all in the position of trying to divide one small loaf of bread among a thousand hungry men. We are living in the theatre under an economy of scarcity. Any production—however modest—becomes a monstrous enterprise, a trial in which verdicts of life or death are pronounced.

To produce a flop in the New York theatre is no longer an unpleasant incident; it is a disaster. The atmosphere

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of bonanza or bust corrupts everybody: producers, writers, actors, critics, audiences. Up to 1929, when each of our reputable producers could present four plays a season and be satisfied to have one of them a success, work was done in a sane state of mind.

In such circumstances, a producer might be as proud of some of his failures as of his successes. O'Neill could write "Gold," "Diff'rent," "The Straw," "The First Man" (all failures) at almost the same time as the successful "Anna Christie." Critics were as respectful of a play like Elmer Rice's non-profitable "The Adding Machine" as they were of the same author's smash hit, "Counsellor-at-Law." Audiences might be disappointed with a poor play, but it did not make them vindictive. Writers and producers were granted the privilege of error without disgrace.

When the orchestra becomes an arena of mortal combat where parasites howl ferociously as they make their bets on the outcome, the theatre is moribund and, by contagion, renders even average audiences parasitically "professional" and thus unworthy of a vigorous theatre. "When joy goes out of the theatre," says Arthur Hopkins, "it is no place to be."

HAROLD CLURMAN

RADIO: Low Pressure

ON THE FOUR upper stories of CBS in New York you will find the heavy brass, from board chairman to really important vice-presidents. And there Goodman Ace proposes to take shelter in the event of atomic bombing. "No radicactivity," explains Ace.

As the network's jester, he gets away with such blasphemy. His show, "mr. ace and JANE," is pulling in the customers, so his quips are tolerated. Also, there is some truth in his observation. It would be the whole truth if he extended his remarks to the three other networks which share our coast-to-coast air with CBS. For on Radio Row there is a torpor, unusual even for this time of year; a lassitude, caused in part by the fact that television is consuming money so fast that radio's blood count has dropped to the danger point.

The only new show worth talking about is "Our Miss Brooks," which can be heard Monday nights at nine on CBS. It is a difficult program to review after one hearing; full of promise and hokum. For a moment, during the opening, it sparkled; then it bogged down into a stereotype reminiscent of a dozen of the most popular situation comedies on the air, from "Henry Aldrich" to the brainier of the two girls in "My Friend Irma."

The lady who gives the show its title is a high-school teacher. That fact shows courage of a kind, for radio seldom dares to focus upon a person with whom few listeners can identify themselves. But Miss Brooks is smart, fast-talking, ambitious, humanly inept. She is also in love and in frank pursuit of the biology teacher. Put all these elements together, and you can almost write your own formula.

Eve Arden, who used to back up Jack Carson, plays Miss Brooks and does all she can for the role. The writing is by a talented pair, Al Lewis and Lee Loeb, and an excellent CBS producer, Larry Berns, is in control. This trio will have to comb the corn from Miss Arden's lines, tighten the pace of the show, sharpen some of its comedy and decide whether they want sophistication or sophomoric gags. I think CBS could have another "Irma" in "Brooks" if writers and director choose their goal and shout for it. As the show stands now, it is Janus-faced —and I fear that most of the people who answer Hooper polls don't know what that means.

"The Eternal Light," Sundays at 12:30 on NBC, used to receive such frequent mention in this department that, for fear of boring readers, I had to stop applauding. (One of the difficulties of radio reviewing, in contrast to stage or film criticism, is the fact that a program may run for a long time, be consistently good, yet cannot be allowed to usurp too much attention or space.) I must now get back to "Eternal Light" because it has just done three shows, on consecutive weeks, that are outstanding even for this series.

The trilogy, called "The Brothers," was written by Peter Lyon. He took for his theme the stories of Cain and Abel, Jacob and Esau, and Joseph and Benjamin. In writing that was often poetic in its imagery but which always stayed within a mood of simple story telling, Lyon conveyed the moral of true brotherhood without recourse to a pulpit. Frank Papp, who produced the program for NBC, gave "The Brothers" the meaningful reading it needed.

The Jewish Theological Seminary, under whose auspices "Eternal Light" has been shining for four years now, deserves high credit for devotion to artistic effectiveness. Most so-called "religious" shows either bore with preachments or cheapen their own dogma with publicized stars and soap-opera antics. There is only one other drama on the networks — ABC's "Greatest Story Ever Told"—that does credit to religion. The rest, when they are not what Erasmus called "theologastric," are simply shoddy.

Did you catch Snooky Lanson and Dorothy Dillard in their NBC summer replacement for Jimmy Durante? Best disk jockey in the South, that Lanson, the experts tell me. Anyway, I liked what I heard of him, both on the network and down in Nashville, where he originated over WSM.

If you missed Snooky, and I'm afraid he was too good for the network, for it looks as if he is being dropped, don't miss NBC's summer review show, "New Faces," Thursday evenings at 8:30. . . . Trouble is that playing opposite "New Faces," on ABC, is "Criminal Casebook," a "crime never pays" production that's well done.

SAUL CARSON

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MOVIES

True to Type

SOME OF THE heaviest faces in Hollywood have been engaged to convey Maxwell Anderson's "Key Largo" to the screen. The picture is a feast of physiognomy, and it is difficult to see beyond the lineaments of Edward G. Robinson, Humphrey Bogart, Lionel Barrymore and Lauren Bacall to the story at hand.

When you do get to the plot, you discover that it has suffered some loss of definition in its transfer to film. Anderson's play was the story of a coward who sought—and found—expiation. In the picture, Bogart shows the white feather at a moment of personal danger, but he immediately atones for it with an equivalent act of courage; and in the end he outwits his enemy if not his nemesis. We have no reason to know that he is guilt-haunted, so his momentary defection is only confusing. There is no expiation, needless to say, because it is not studio custom to deprive Miss Bacall of Mr. Bogart. On second thought, "Key Large" may still be classified as a study in timidity.

Deprived of its original theme, the film turns to a subsidiary motif—the return of the gangster—that so preoccupies the producers this summer. Down on a remote outcropping of Florida, Bogart, returned from the war and seeking the widow of a dead comrade, runs into a group of sinister yachtsmen. It is some time before he spots Robinson as Johnny Rocco, the ex-beer baron, now undesirable alien, but the audience recognizes him at once as Little Caesar.

Robinson has put on the role like a comfortable old suit; he snarls, he slaps, he struts and leers, and if the menace has evaporated, it is not his fault. You simply cannot frighten people today by invoking the ghosts of the Chicago gang wars. "Key Largo" makes it clear that there is no longer room in the world for the Johnny

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Roccos, but pathetically enough that is a little like being assured that we have nothing to fear any more from the Iroquois.

John Huston, who had a hand in the screen text of "Key Largo," directed the finished script and brought off the latter job brilliantly. The atmosphere of fear and tension, accentuated by a pending hurricane, is wonderfully stated; the principals turned in as good performances as they have ever given. It is not their fault that they are playing types too long identified with their names; they only work at Warner Brothers.

This month of July is witnessing the most solemn rite in the liturgy of Hollywood—the enthronement of a new Sweetheart. You must not for a moment confuse Sweethearts with stars. The latter, like presidents and prime ministers, are elected when the time dictates; Sweethearts appear as the heavens direct. They are the sisters of the Dalai Lama.

The qualifications for this beatification are understandably exacting. An applicant must be pretty but undistinguished, provocative but bodiless, talented but artless. She must be so nicely poised on what is called the threshold of life that she appears to equal advantage in rompers and a low-cut gown.

Because of this last qualification (the reason for which I leave to others more conversant with the libido), her reign is brief. Her priests do what they can to make time stand still, but every Sweetheart must at last become a sweater girl and then the auguries are consulted once more.

The new vestal is Lois Butler, as thoroughly swell a girl as ever lived next door. She's a tomboy and a minx; a good sport, an inspiration to all that is pure in us, and daddy's little girl. She is to be seen and heard (she sings with the notes of a sweet bird call) in "Mickey," a story of loves entwined like taffy on a shady little Main Street. Miss Butler looks nice; it's too bad the ritual demands this sacrifice.

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Progressives of many varying political views have been quick to speak out against the monstrous frame-up of the Communist Party leaders.

In general, they agree with William Z. Foster, Communist party chairman, that the indictments are "a step taken by the government to force the United States into fascism and war," and that the attack on the Communist Party is also aimed at "the trade unions the new people's party and every democratic process in the United States."

The WHY of this giant frame-up is also clear to many. It is timed to heat up the "cold war." It is timed to divert the special session of Congress from civil rights and anti-inflation legislation, and to grease the way for quick passage of the Mundt Bill. It is timed to embarrass Wallace and the founding convention of the new party, and to save the Democratic Party from total eclipse in the November elections.

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